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GENERAL BENJAMIN HARRISON, OF INDIANA.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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THE TARIFF DEBATE.

THE Democratic apprehension that the President's message was a political blunder, and the Republican confidence that it had secured Republican success, are hardly justified by the course of events. It is now four months since the message was laid before the country, and the elections of delegates to the nominating Conventions are at hand. But the situation is certainly very different from what was anticipated. It is plain that the prospect of a vast overtaxation for the sake of protection, and of an enormous corruption fund in the shape of a surplus, has not aroused popular enthusiasm. Moreover, the cry of high protection has not united the Republican party, but on the contrary it has revealed decided and serious differences of opinion; nor is there any agreement among the high protectionists upon a scheme for reducing the surplus upon protective principles. The leading Republican journals both in New England and in the Northwest have declared for tariff reform. Eastern manufacturers demand free raw material, and Western farmers a reduction of the tariff tax. The whole question has become more familiar. The usual assertions which have been accepted as arguments have been more carefully scanned and investigated. The message was called elementary. It was meant to be elementary. It was intended to inculcate simple primary principles, and to show that the common welfare required a diminution of the surplus by the reduction of customs duties.

It is very hard to prove to men who live by wages that they are not interested in a reduction of taxation. It is equally hard to prove to them that employers prefer to pay high wages rather than low. But it is easy to show them the fact that it is employers only who ask for a high tariff tax, and to prove that they ask it in their own interest, and not in that of their employés. It is equally easy to show that the suggestion that the increase of prices which is produced by protection should be shared by the employés is regarded by employers as irrelevant. In other words, it is not high wages, but high profits, which the friends of high protection are seeking, and they will eagerly employ imported "pauper labor" at the lowest wages which will be accepted. The one practical assertion of extreme protectionists upon the stump is that a high tariff secures high wages, and that to reduce the tariff for any purpose is to overwhelm free, intelligent, efficient, self-respecting American labor with the pauper labor of Europe. This is the trump which is always played in the hope of taking the trick. But one of the results of the general discussion is the thorough sifting of this assertion. Is it true? The farmers ask if it be true. They are not protected by the tariff, and the price of their produce is fixed in a non-protected country, but they still pay high wages. If they can do so without protection, why cannot other employers? High wages are the result of two things: the demand for labor, and its quality. A Republican Representative from the Northwest, Mr. KNUTE NELSON, of Minnesota, points out that the excess of the demand of labor over the supply has been due to the vast areas of fertile and cheap land open for settlement, so that wages tend to be equal to the amount obtainable from such lands. Besides this, American labor is the most efficient and productive in the world. If it needs and demands protection, it must be protected as all other articles are by a tariff excluding the competing article.

This is the rapidly extending view of the Republican Northwest. The representatives of this sentiment are not alarmed by the cry of free-trade, because they know that there is no demand for free-trade. The President not only did not demand it in his message, but he expressly disclaimed the demand. He stated the mischief and peril which lurk in a swiftly increasing surplus, and he suggested the general plan upon which relief should be sought. It is to be best attained by repealing taxes which oppress industry, and which largely neutralize the benefit of higher wages. The message, like the first tariff scheme of the old Confederation, proposes to foster American industry by the freedom of raw materials. That scheme specified as such materials wool and cotton cards. The mass of voters in this country cannot master all the intricate details of a tariff, nor bandy retorts with those upon both sides who distort statistics and facts. They must conduct the argument upon general and simple principles which everybody can comprehend. But generalizations are not principles. To infer cause and effect from the coincidence at a certain period of a high tariff and general prosperity is a process which can be applied to all coincidences. Nothing requires more searching analysis and exposure than this trick, which is very attractive and very common. The Presidential election of this year will not turn exclusively upon the tariff, but the discussion will be of great service in maturing the question as a real issue. President GARFIELD said that he was for the protection that ultimated in free-trade. President ARTHUR and his three Secretaries of the Treasury, FOLGER, GRESHAM, and MCCULLOCH, favored the reduction of the war tariff to a moderate protective point. The Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska Republicans demanded last year a revision and reduction of the tariff. So long as Mr. NELSON is a Republican Representative, and the Chicago *Tribune*, the Providence *Journal*, and other leading papers are Republican journals, and manufacturers who demand free raw materials are members of the Republican party, high protection will not be a true party issue.

THE COLORED VOTE.

THERE is no doubt or denial of the fact of a suppression of the colored vote in some districts of the Southern States. Even Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, in the current number of the *Forum*, in a trenchant paper upon "The Hysteria of Sectional Agitation," of which he thinks Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD to be the most conspicuous victim, does not deny it. He holds that the situation is due to the inevitable failure of the Republican scheme to perpetuate the power of the party by erecting a black oligarchy in certain Southern States, to be controlled by the party chiefs in Washington. This, he says, was a preposterous and hopeless scheme, dependent wholly upon force, and consequently it was totally ruined when the army was withdrawn. But even during its continuance there was, according to Mr. HALSTEAD's reasoning, a suppression of the vote. Mr. HALSTEAD takes five to one as the fair ratio of population to ballots, which in thickly populated, but not in rural States, Mr. WATTERSON holds to be fair. Yet upon this ratio he calculates the Presidential vote of 1872 in ten Southern States, "in the heyday of Republican domination," and according to the census of 1870 there was, on Mr. HALSTEAD's reasoning, a suppression of more than 60,000 votes out of 245,032 in Virginia, of nearly 74,000 out of 257,704 in Tennessee, and of nearly 94,000 out of 236,821 in Georgia. Yet the polls were absolutely under Republican control. Such figures show the impossibility of inferring suppression from failure to vote.

But Mr. WATTERSON does not evade the point. He says frankly that he should be entitled to no respect or credit if he

> "pretended that there is either a fair poll or count of the vast overflow of black votes in States where there is a negro majority, or that in the nature of things present there can be. There was not when the ballot-box was guarded by Federal bayonets. There is not now. There can be only when both races divide upon other than race lines, and when, with the disappearance of old antagonisms, new issues, involving differences of opinion among the whites and blacks alike, remove from each the dangers of by-gone conflict."

These words are certainly worth considering. Ex-Senator HARRISON, in a recent speech before a Republican club in Chicago, says that although the Republican party be unable to apply a direct remedy, it can at least protest, and prevent the Democratic party from enjoying the usufruct of the wrong. But that is a feeble and futile policy. A great party, addressing itself to an admitted evil, must be able to do something more than protest. If the national government can deal with the evil, such a party should appeal to the country to sustain it in applying a remedy. But even in that case what remedy would there be? The States could not be deprived of their proportional representation in Congress, for the wrong is not a State act. If they could be, the wrong would not be remedied, and only bitterness and wrath would ensue. If, again, Congress should take charge of national elections in those States, probably not a suppressed voter would appear at the polls. Actual relief, being, then, within the control of each State, and not of Congress, do not humanity and justice and patriotism demand that the conditions under which alone the color line can be effaced shall be produced as soon as possible?

It is a public wrong to take a course, for the sake of a possible partisan advantage, which perpetuates a lamentable situation that confessedly cannot be remedied by national legislation. The first duty of good citizenship is to seek relief in the way which promises to secure it. That can be done by encouraging, wherever the vote is suppressed, the normal political situation in an American State, the free play of differing interests, the development of parties, the legitimate operation of the causes which divide at the polls the citizens of New York and of the New England States. External pressure of any kind, where nothing else can be wisely done, merely destroys parties and forces a union of voters for common protection. A solid Republican North would be no remedy for a solid Democratic South, and between the two the political and the social advantage of the colored citizens would be pulverized. The situation is plain. But it is one with which the Republican party, in all the plenitude of its power and all the flush of feeling that immediately followed the war, found itself unable to deal. The remedy is not mere protest, as ex-Senator HARRISON suggests. It can be found only in the wisest, most temperate, and most fraternal thought and statesmanship. The mere excitement of partisan passion will only deepen the difficulty. One good suggestion is that of ex-Mayor LOW, that the Republican party, by their ablest representatives, shall show to the intelligent people of the Southern States in what way their interests and sympathies coincide with the Republican spirit and purpose, and prove to them, as ex-Governor BULLOCK, of Georgia, says, that Republicanism does not mean the subjugation of the intelligence of a State to its ignorance, which is the present general impression in the Southern States.

INDIANA INDEPENDENTS.

MR. W. D. FOULKE, President of the Indiana Civil Service Reform Association, and Mr. LUCIUS B. SWIFT, chairman of the executive committee, have pronounced strongly against support of Mr. CLEVELAND by the friends of reform. Both of these gentlemen are among the most earnest and efficient of those friends. Mr. FOULKE'S report upon the gross abuses of the political management of the benevolent institutions of Indiana, and Mr. SWIFT'S upon "the Federal civil service" in that State, are among the most vigorous and valuable documents which the agitation of the question has produced. The report of Mr. SWIFT was fully considered in the report of the special committee of the National League a year ago, which says:

> "There can be no doubt of flagrant disregard in Indiana of the spirit and methods of civil service reform. There has been substantially a clean sweep, and we have not found that one officer newly appointed in that State who proves to be an offensive partisan has been for that reason removed."

Mr. FOULKE and Mr. SWIFT, like many of their associates, were Republicans. Mr. FOULKE did not vote for Mr. BLAINE. Mr. SWIFT earnestly supported Mr. CLEVELAND, and voted for him. These gentlemen and their associates are generally tariff reformers, and in full sympathy with progressive, patriotic, and reform politics. Their opinions, therefore, are valuable, and the independent vote in Indiana, which is a doubtful State, is very important. While not very hopeful of the Republican party, these gentlemen see no alternative but support of a "clean" Republican candidate.

Another of the independent leaders in Indiana, however, Mr. LOUIS HOWLAND, takes a different view. In a letter to the WEEKLY he objects to our remark that the Indiana independents would support the Republican candidate if he were not Mr. BLAINE. If it were so, Mr. HOWLAND says, the State would be secure for the Republicans, unless they should nominate Mr. BLAINE, because the independents hold the balance of power. But it is not true, he thinks, that as a body they will vote for the Republican candidate.

> "Some of them undoubtedly will, but by no means all of them. And those who are determined to be a little bit particular about the views of the Republican candidate are getting just a trifle tired of being represented as so anxious to get back into the old party, or to rebuke Mr. CLEVELAND, that they will toss up their caps for any Republican who is not positively on the make. It might as well be known first as last that the mugwumps have no affection for the Republican party. If the Republican party is to get their votes, it must earn them."

Mr. SHERMAN, or Mr. ALLISON, or Mr. HARRISON, he thinks, would probably get some independent votes; Mr. LINCOLN would get more, Mr. HAWLEY still more, and Judge GRESHAM most of all, although a prominent independent in Indiana recently said to Mr.

HOWLAND that highly as he esteemed the Judge, he did not see why he should prefer him to Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. HOWLAND'S general view of the probable course of the Indiana independents is confirmed by the letter of "An Indiana Mugwump" to the *Evening Post*. He agrees with Mr. FOULKE and Mr. SWIFT that the President "has betrayed the cause of civil service reform," but he says: "It does not at all follow that because people are dissatisfied with a candidate, they will vote against him. Dissatisfaction is a relative thing, and honest men will support that candidate with whom they are *least* dissatisfied."

He says that the praiseworthy desire to rebuke the President ought not to lead a man to do a worse thing than to vote for him.

"This is equivalent to saying that the mugwumps will not be found tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get back into the Republican fold. There must be inducements offered, or many of them will just stay where they are. They will vote for Mr. CLEVELAND, not because he is a civil service reformer, but because, whatever he is, he does not stand for the high tariff, bloody shirt, extravagant pension tomfoolery. He represents a very healthful element in American politics, and the mugwumps will not be likely to vote against him when that vote will carry with it the endorsement of either a Bourbon or a pretender."

Even those who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 solely as a reformer, and who otherwise would not have voted for him, may find the situation in 1888 so changed that they may still prefer to vote for him, notwithstanding their disappointment. In voting for a President the independent citizen will naturally consider all the circumstances and conditions, and do what seems best for all the objects in which he is interested. If he holds civil service reform to be the paramount issue, he would not necessarily advance it by voting against Mr. CLEVELAND, unless Mr. CLEVELAND'S opponent should be a man of the same reform opinions as the President, but of greater courage and power to enforce them against the evil pressure of his party.

THE PRESERVATION OF FORESTS.

THE vital necessity of preserving the forests of the country, which are now ruthlessly destroyed, has at last aroused general public attention, and it is fortunate that in the new journal, *Garden and Forest*, the wisely conservative policy of careful supervision of these national treasures has a fitting and able advocate. New York appointed a Board of Forest Commissioners, and the intelligent vigilance of *Garden and Forest* will not permit it to evade its duty without a public appeal. In Pennsylvania there is a Forestry Association which is equally alert, and which calls the attention of Congress to defects in pending bills reported from the Committee on Public Lands. They are subjects which have no political interest, but which are too important to be neglected. *Garden and Forest* forcibly protests against the wide-spread ravages of the Adirondack forest by railroads. It says:

"The building of railroads through a forest in this country means its extermination. This is particularly true of the Adirondack forest. Its escape from extermination in the past is due to the single fact that the hard woods of which it is principally composed could not be got to market from lack of transportation. If transportation is furnished, it is merely a question of time when every tree will be consumed in the saw-mill, the paper factory, and the charcoal furnace. Railroads will increase, too, the number of fires in the forest, and thus hasten its extermination. There is but one way to save what now remains of the Adirondack forests. The enactment of a law which shall prohibit the location of any railroad, under any circumstances, upon the State lands, which are widely scattered through the entire region, will prevent its ruin. No measure less sweeping in its restrictions can accomplish this."

It arraigns the Forest Commissioners for general neglect of duty.

"The only activity displayed by the Commission, so far as the public is informed, is manifested in their attempt to secure from the present Legislature the passage of a bill authorizing them to lease to 'individuals or clubs, for pleasure resorts or camping purposes,' portions of the public domain for periods not exceeding five years' duration. This authority should not be given to the Commission. It would open the door to corruption, and would threaten the forests with new dangers. Thousands of acres of Adirondack forests have already perished at the hands of hunters and camping parties. Their carelessness in setting fires and their recklessness in barking and destroying trees are only too well known. It will be impossible to protect the State forests if the Commissioners are allowed this privilege."

The Pennsylvania Forestry Association appeals to Congress against the same wide and wanton destruction of the forests, stating that it is not cutting for actual use which is excessive, but the unpractical and wasteful mode of cutting, the ravages of fire, and the prevention of reforestation by using woodlands as pasture, that is threatening the greatest injury to the fertility and healthfulness of many parts of the country. Destructive alternations of drought and flood, landslides, avalanches, and malaria, to say nothing of scarcity of wood for actual use, have followed in the track of excessive forest destruction in every country which has suffered from that scourge, and are beginning to be too common in our own. The direct loss to the people of this country on account of timber burned and stolen from the public lands amounts to several millions of dollars annually, as the reports of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture show. Statistics prove that before very many years, unless the present abuses are checked, we shall be dependent on more prudent foreign nations for our timber supply. Of the two bills now pending in Congress, No. 6045 provides a remedy for the mischief, and is greatly preferable to No. 7901. The former bill provides for careful selection of proper lands for permanent forests, to be guarded from spoliation and destruction, and for the advantageous sale of merchantable timber under government supervision, and with constant regard to the preservation of new growths. The bill also makes unauthorized cutting and injury a criminal offence, and establishes a system of guardianship and enforcement of the laws against individuals and corporations. The bill No. 7901 is much more loosely drawn as to protection from waste and injury, and lacks definite and strict methods of enforcing the law.

The cause which is wisely advocated by *Garden and Forest* and by the Pennsylvania association must depend for its prosperity upon public spirit and public intelligence. Bad laws and inefficient execution of them are due generally to public ignorance and indifference. Strictly political questions are so absorbing that subjects which are often of much greater significance and concern are neglected from sheer inability of the public to inform itself upon their merits. The question of preserving the forests in this country is novel, and incomprehensible, to those persons who have thought that there is an endless supply of timber, and that if camps in the Maine woods or the Adirondacks happened to lay waste a certain area, nature would soon repair the loss. The "uprising" of the press in New York a few years since to save the Adirondack forest as indispensable to an adequate water supply for the State was the first revelation to many intelligent citizens that there was a forest "question." It is one, happily, which the press, as the tribune of the people, can discuss without party acrimony, and with sole regard to the general welfare. The subject touches upon politics only when the appointment of agents and guardians is to be made. The press in New York performed two signal public services in saving the Adirondacks and procuring the establishment of a Forest Commission, and in securing Niagara as public property. It remains only to insist upon a proper management of both, and to aid the similar enterprise in which the Pennsylvania Forestry Association takes the lead, and which aims to provide the same careful control of the national domain.

THE NEW CHINESE TREATY.

THE new treaty with China for the exclusion of Chinese laborers has been signed at Washington. It prohibits immigration, for twenty years, of all Chinese subjects except officials, teachers, students, merchants, or travellers for curiosity or pleasure, and such comers must produce certificates from Chinese authorities, countersigned by American representatives, that they are what they assume to be. But a Chinese laborer who has a family or parents in the United States, or property to the value of $1000, or debts of that amount pending settlement, may return under very stringent conditions; and all Chinese residents shall enjoy while here all rights accorded to citizens of the most favored nations, except that of naturalization, and the government will do all that it can for their protection.

This is followed by an article which shows the extent of its power in this respect, and which provides an indemnity of $276,619 75 for "the exceptional and deplorable sufferings and losses to which the aforesaid Chinese have been subjected." This is merely following the example of the Chinese government in similar cases of loss and injury. No treaty could be simpler or more definite. It provides for the effectual exclusion of Chinese laborers for twenty years.

The principle of the treaty is familiar. Every nation decides whom it will admit to its territories, and under what conditions. It is a principle upon which the United States acted eighty-five years ago, when Congress prohibited the bringing of "any negro, mulatto, or other person of color, not being a native, a citizen, or registered seaman of the United States." It is the principle which leads us to forbid the coming of criminals and paupers, and upon which all persons who may be reasonably held to be dangerous to the commonwealth may be excluded. Certainly those whom we are unable to protect in life and limb and property we do wisely in excluding. Whether opposition will be offered to the treaty because of the indemnity remains to be seen. Otherwise we presume that it will be ratified by the Senate.

THE CHOLERA.

WITH the warmer sun of April comes the prospect of cholera, and while the Legislature and the Governor are politically fooling with the Quarantine, Mayor HEWITT sends to Senator SLOAN, chairman of the Finance Committee, a letter urgently pointing out the need of doing something to protect the State and the country from pestilence. It cannot be said that there is public confidence in the present Quarantine establishment. The Mayor says that it is in a very dilapidated condition, and that its appliances are totally inadequate to deal with such an outbreak of disease as is apprehended. It is estimated that the sum of $200,000 will be needed to make the Quarantine establishment efficient. This the Mayor hopes the State will provide. But if it does not, he is sure that public opinion in the city would justify the expenditure of any reasonable amount to protect the community.

The Board of Health could take charge of the Quarantine, if thought best. The Mayor says that he has no choice of methods, but argues earnestly that some method should be adopted. It is not a local or limited interest; every State and city in the country are equally interested with New York in preventing the spread of the plague. The revelations of the autumn in regard to the situation and the exposure at this port were conclusive as to the necessity of decided action, and the subject should not be delayed for a day in the Legislature. Yet everybody is perfectly aware that it is very doubtful whether anything effectual will be done.

The Legislature has decided that the Quarantine physician shall be paid by a salary, and the enormous fees, which have constituted a large partisan corruption fund, have been abolished. The term of the Quarantine Commissioners expired some years ago, but the Governor and the Senate have been quarrelling over their successors ever since. The Quarantine has been, in fact, bedeviled by politics, and it is "a mercy" that the cholera which reached it last autumn was prevented from extending. The proportions of the mercy were disclosed by the facts then published. If the Mayor could have his way, all that is possible to do to stay the ravages of the pestilence would be done.

TRUTH WELL SPOKEN.

IN the late debate upon Senator BLAIR'S extraordinary bill to prefer, in civil appointments, Confederate veterans to Confederate civilians, Senator EDMUNDS, in his courteous but contemptuous comments, which effectually disposed of the proposition, made some remarks whose wisdom justifies the high respect in which he is held as a statesman:

"Nobody objects to Confederate soldiers or Confederate citizens sitting in this Chamber. They do not sit here because they are such. They sit here because the period of hostility to the United States has gone by. They stand just like every other citizen, no better and no worse. That is where they stand. If that be so, the illustration of my friend that General GRANT appointed men who had been Confederates, and that this Administration does it, and all that, has no bearing upon the question at all. General GRANT did not appoint these men because they had been Confederates. He appointed them because they were useful and honorable and patriotic citizens of the United States when he appointed them, and so the States have appointed gentlemen whom I see here in the same way, and so the present Administration appoints people who were in the rebellion in the same way, not because they were in that, not because they have a right to be rewarded for it now, either by administrative action or legislative authority, but because there is oblivion on that, and without regard to their previous history in that respect they are common and equal citizens, with equal rights with anybody else."

PERSONAL.

MINISTER PHELPS comes home from England for a vacation that will keep him among his American friends until the middle of June.

—The First Presbyterian Church in Jersey City is to be sold, being in the factory district, and attracting small congregations. This church building is historical, having been built of the stone used in the first Presbyterian church ever built in New York, down on Wall Street, at the corner of Broadway, opposite Trinity. That church had the only pulpit in this city that was open to WHITEFIELD in the days of that fiery preacher's activity.

—M. PASCAL, who has been noted for many years because of his intimacy with Prince NAPOLEON, killed himself recently. He was rich, but rather than spend his money he fired a bullet into his head.

—CLAUS SPRECKELS, the California sugar king, has made Philadelphia happy. He is to establish big sugar refineries there with a capacity of 2,000,000 lbs. a day. Philadelphia figures on an increase of something like $100,000,000 a year in the commerce of its port, growing out of these new SPRECKELS enterprises.

—The King of Holland has had himself enrolled among the duly qualified electors of his kingdom.

—ROSA BONHEUR does not always wear male attire, as the popular idea has it. She is seen on the streets of Paris dressed quite as the average well-to-do matron of France is accustomed to dress, distinguished only by the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor pinned at her breast. When she is at work, however, she does wear trousers and a wide-brimmed hat.

—HIRAM BERTH, of Huntington, Pennsylvania, created a mild sensation the other day by walking into a convention of doctors and formally presenting them with his body for medical purposes, providing only that the M.D.'s should not assume ownership until after he was dead.

—A daughter of BRIGHAM YOUNG has made her début on the metropolitan stage, with JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR, at the Star Theatre.

—The Boston *Transcript*, in a well-considered article, showing why Mr. HOWELLS has become already an "issue," speaks of him as "the most American, most vital of our novelists."

—NINA VAN ZANDT, who married Chicago's anarchist SPIES by proxy while he was under sentence of death, has been running for Town Clerk of Ottawa, Illinois. She received 200 votes out of 1600. Now she says she will go to Europe until next winter, when she will be back to lecture.

—Dr. HATTIE ALLEN has been elected a professor of medicine at the University of Michigan. No woman before has ever received such recognition in the West.

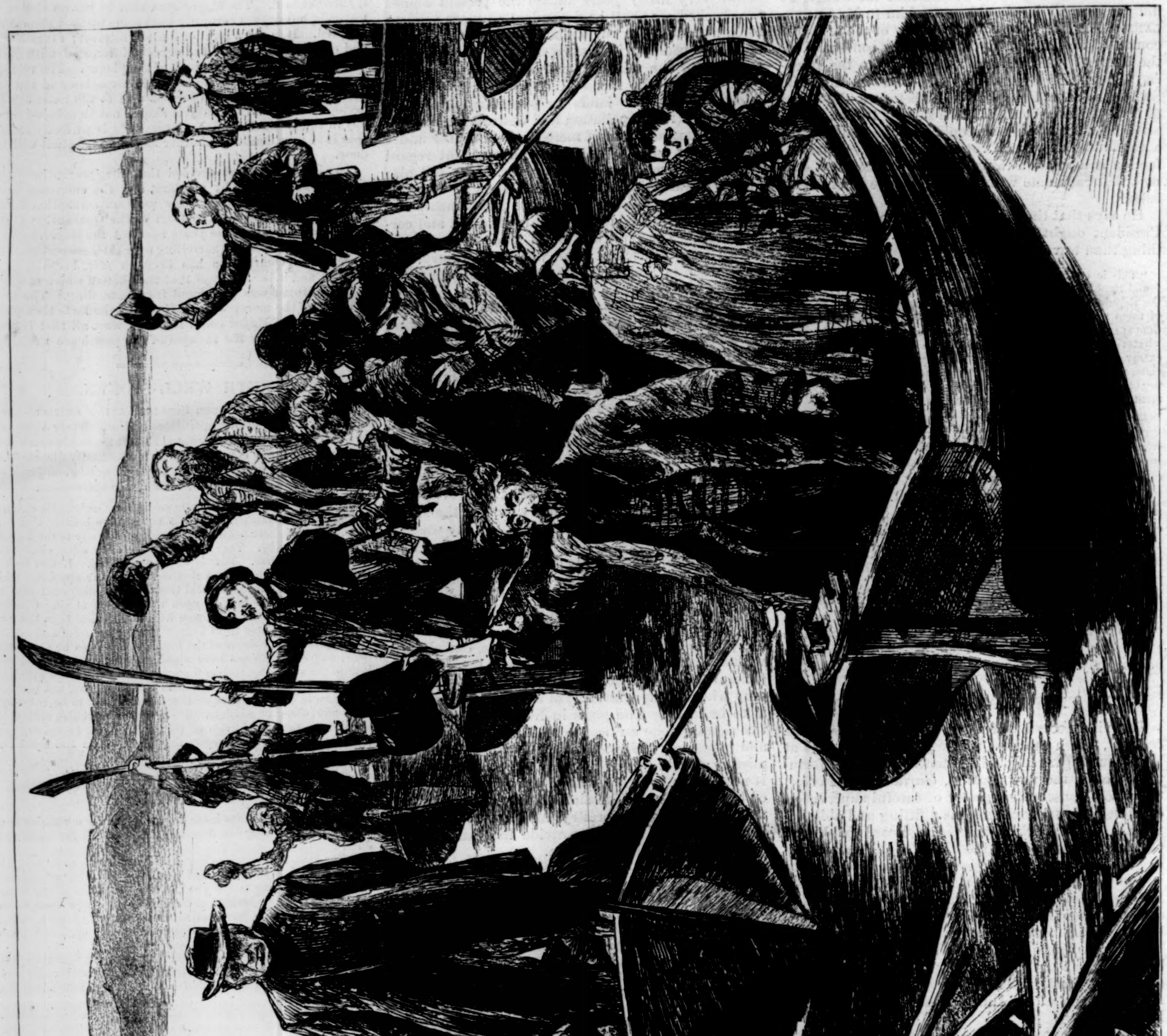
—Old age does not tire the energies of General SIMON CAMERON. He is just now devoting himself to a personal superintendence of a lot of improvements on his Pennsylvania farms. He mingles with the workmen, and is as clear-headed and alert as any man could ask to be at half his age.

—Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, of Boston, has an income of $50,000 a year, and uses it all in charity. She spends comparatively nothing upon luxuries for herself, not even keeping a carriage.

—Young JOHN A. LOGAN has developed a great love for the turf. He has four promising horses in training at Louisville for this season's races.

—GILES WILLIAMS, a Wall Street broker of note, who died last week, bought a square of ground years ago in the centre of Chicago. It cost him $600. He sold it for $40,000, and was exceedingly proud of the bargain he drove. Chicago tax lists show that the same property is worth $18,000,000 now.

—GEORGE I. SENEY is inclined to resent the action of the trustees of the Wesleyan University in removing his friend President BEACH from office, and Mr. SENEY has written a letter declining longer to be one of the institution's trustees. It is intimated too that the Wesleyan University is likely to lose some very handsome bequests that Mr. SENEY'S generosity has had in view. Mr. SENEY has recovered his old place in Wall Street again as one of the most influential, as he has always been one of the manliest, of American financiers.



A "PROCLAIMED MEETING" HELD IN BOATS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.—[See Page 266.]

"ALMAH LAY DOWN UPON THE SAND, AND I SEATED MYSELF, LEANING AGAINST A ROCK, A LITTLE DISTANCE OFF."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ISLAND OF FIRE.

AT last there appeared before us what seemed like a long line of dull-red fires, and as we looked we could see bursts of flame at fitful intervals, which shone out for a few moments and then died away. Upon this now our whole attention was fixed; for it seemed as though we were approaching our destination, and that this place was the Island of Fire—a name which, from present appearances, was fully justified. As we went on and drew steadily nearer, the mass of glowing fire grew larger and brighter, and what at first had seemed a line was broken up into different parts, one of which far surpassed the others. This was higher in the air, and its shape was that of a long, thin, sloping line, with a burning, glowing globule at each end. It seemed like lava running down from the crater of a volcano, and this appearance was made certainty on a nearer approach; for we saw at the upper point, which seemed the crater, an outburst of flame, followed by a new flow of the fiery stream. In other places there were similar fires, but they were less bright, either because they were smaller or more remote.

At length we heard beneath us the roar of breakers, and saw long white lines of surf beating upon the shore. Our athaleb now descended and alighted; we clambered to the ground, and I, taking the grapple, fixed it securely between two sharp rocks. We were at last on Magoues, the Island of Fire.

The brightness of the aurora light had left us, but it needed not this to show us the dismal nature of the land to which we had come. It was a land of horror, where there was nothing but the abomination of desolation—a land overstrewn with blasted fragments of fractured lava-blocks, intermixed with sand, from which there arose black precipices and giant mountains that poured forth rivers of fire and showers of ashes and sheets of flame. A tremendous peak arose before us, with a crest of fire and sides streaked with red torrents of molten lava; between us and it there spread away a vast expanse of impassable rocks—a scene of ruin and savage wildness which cannot be described, and all around was the same drear and appalling prospect. Here in the night-season—the season of darkness and of awful gloom—we stood in this land of woe; and not one single sign appeared of life save the life that we had brought with us. As for food, it was vain to think of it. To search after it would be useless. It seemed, indeed, impossible to move from the spot where we were. Every moment presented some new discovery which added to the horror of Magoues.

But Almah was weary, for our flight had been long, and she wished to rest. So I found a place for her where there was some sand between two rocks, and here she lay down and went to sleep. I sat at a little distance off on a shelf of the rock, with my back against it, and here, after a little time, I also went to sleep.

At length we awoke. But what a waking! There was no morning dawn, no blessed returning light to greet our eyes. We opened our eyes to the same scenes upon which we had closed them, and the darkness was still deep and dense around us. Over us both there was a sense of utter depression, and I was so deeply plunged into it that I found it impossible to rouse myself, even for the sake of saying words of cheer to Almah. I had brought a few fragments of food, and upon these we made our breakfast; but there was the athaleb to feed, and for him I found nothing, nor could I think of anything—unless he could feed upon rocks and sand. Yet food for him was a matter of the highest consequence, for he was all our support and stay and hope; and if the monster were deprived of food he might turn upon us and satisfy upon us his ravenous appetite. These thoughts were painful indeed, and added to my despondency.

Suddenly I heard the sound of running water. I started away toward the place from which the sound came, and found, only a little distance off, a small brook trickling along on its way to the shore. I called Almah, and we both drank and were refreshed.

This showed an easy way to get to the shore, and I determined to go there to see if there were any fish to be found. Shell-fish might be there, or the carcasses of dead fish thrown up by the sea, upon which the athaleb might feed. I left my pistol with Almah, telling her to fire it if she heard me fire, for I was afraid of losing my way, and therefore took this precaution. I left it lying on the rock full-cocked, and directed her to point it in the air and pull the trigger. It was necessary to take these precautions, as of course she was quite ignorant of its nature. After this I left her and tried to follow the torrent.

This, however, I soon found to be impossible, for the brook on reaching a huge rock plunged underneath it and became lost to view. I then went toward the shore as well as I could—now climbing over sharp rocks, now going round them, until at length after immense labor I succeeded in reaching the water. Here the scene was almost as wild as the one I had left. There was no beach whatever—nothing but a vast extent of wild fragments of fractured lava-blocks, which were evidently the result of some comparatively recent convulsion of nature, for their edges were still sharp, and the water had not worn even those which were within its grasp to anything like roundness, or to anything else than the jagged and shattered outlines which had originally belonged to them. All the shore thus consisted of vast rocky blocks, over which the sea beat in foam.

Eager to find something, I toiled along this rocky shore for a long distance, but without seeing any change. I was unwilling to go back baffled, yet I was at length compelled to do so. But the necessity of feeding the athaleb was pressing, and I saw that our only course now would be to mount him again, leave this place, and seek some other. But where could we go? That I could not imagine, and could only conclude to trust altogether to the instinct of the athaleb, which might guide him to places where he might obtain food. Such a course would involve great risk, for we might be carried into the midst of vast flocks of these monsters; yet there was nothing else to be done.

I now retraced my steps, and went for a long time near the sea. At length I found a place where the walking was somewhat easier, and went in this way up into the island and away from the sea. It seemed to lead in the direction where I wished to go. At length it seemed as if I had walked far enough, yet I could see no signs of Almah. I shouted, but there was no answer. I shouted again and again, but with the like result. Then I fired my rifle and listened. In response there came the report of the pistol far away behind me. It was evident that in coming back along the shore I had passed by the place where Almah was. There was nothing now left but to retrace my steps, and this I accordingly did. I went back to the shore, and returned on my steps, shouting all the time, until at length I was rejoiced to hear the answering shout of Almah. After this it was easy to reach her.

We now took up the grapple and once more mounted. The athaleb, eager to be off, raised himself quickly in the air, and soon our late resting-place was far behind. His flight was now different from what it was before. Then he stood off in one straight line for a certain fixed destination, as though under some guidance; for though I did not direct him, still his long training had taught him to fly to Magoues. But now training and guidance were both wanting, and the athaleb was left to the impulse of his hunger and the guidance of his instinct; so he flew no longer in one undeviating straight line, but rose high, and bent his head down low, and flew and soared in vast circles, even as I have seen a vulture or a condor sweep about while searching for food. All the while we were drawing farther and farther away from the spot which we had left.

We passed the lofty volcano; we saw more plainly the rivers of molten lava; we passed vast cliffs and bleak mountains, all of which were more terrific than all that we had left behind. Now the darkness lessened, for the aurora was brightening in the sky, and gathering up swiftly and gloriously all its innumerable beams, and flashing forth its lustrous glow upon the world. To us this was equal to the return of day; it was like a blessed dawn. Light had come, and we rejoiced and were exceeding glad.

Now we saw before us, far beyond the black precipices, a broad bay with sloping shores, and a wide beach which seemed like a beach of sand. The surf broke here, but

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

beyond the surf was the gentle sandy declivity, and beyond this there appeared the shores, still rocky and barren and desolate, but far preferable to what we had left behind. Far away in the interior arose lofty mountains and volcanoes, while behind us flamed the burning peak which we had passed.

Here the athaleb wheeled in long, circuitous flights, which grew lower and lower, until at length he descended upon the sandy beach, where I saw a vast sea-monster lying dead. It had evidently been thrown up here by the sea. It was like one of those monsters which I had seen from the galley of the Kohen at the time of the sacred hunt. By this the athaleb descended, and at once began to devour it, tearing out vast masses of flesh, and exhibiting such voracity and strength of jaw that I could scarcely bear to look upon the sight. I fastened the grapple securely to the head of the dead monster, and leaving the athaleb to feed upon it, Almah and I went up the beach.

On our way we found rocks covered with sea-weed, and here we sought after shellfish. Our search was at length rewarded, for suddenly I stumbled upon a place where I found some lobsters. I grasped two of these, but the others escaped. Here at last I had found signs of life, but they were of the sea rather than of the shore. Delighted with my prey, I hastened to Almah to show them to her. She recognized them at once, and I saw that they were familiar to her. I then spoke of eating them, but at this proposal she recoiled in horror. She could not give any reason for her repugnance, but merely said that among her people they were regarded as something equivalent to vermin, and I found that she would no more think of eating one than I would think of eating a rat. Upon this I had to throw them away, and we once more resumed our search.

At last we came to a place where numbers of dead fish lay on the sand. Nearer the water they were more fresh, and not at all objectionable. I picked up a few which looked like our common smelt, and found that Almah had no objection to these. But now the question arose how to cook them; neither of us could eat them raw. A fire was necessary, yet a fire was impossible; for on the whole island there was probably not one single combustible thing. Our discovery, therefore, seemed to have done us but little good, and we seemed destined to starvation, when fortunately a happy thought suggested itself. In walking along I saw far away the glow of some lava which had flowed to the shore at the end of the sandy beach, and was probably cooling down at the water's edge. Here, then, was a natural fire, which might serve us better than any contrivance of our own, and toward this we at once proceeded. It was about two miles away; but the beach was smooth, and we reached the place without any difficulty.

Here we found the edge of that lava flood which seemed eternally descending from the crater beyond. The edge which was nearest the water was black; and the liquid fire, as it rolled down, curled over this in a fantastic shape, cooling and hardening into the form which it thus assumed. Here, after some search, I found a crevice where I could approach the fire, and I laid the fish upon a crimson rock, which was cooling and hardening into the shape of a vast ledge of lava. In this way, by the aid of nature, the fish were broiled, and we made our repast.

There was nothing here to invite a longer stay, and we soon returned to the athaleb. We found the monster, gorged with food, asleep, resting upon his hind legs, with his breast supported against the vast carcass. Almah called it a *jantannin*. It was about sixty feet in length and twenty in thickness, with a vast horny head, ponderous jaws, and back covered with scales. Its eyes were of prodigious size, and it had the appearance of a crocodile, with the vast size of a whale. It was unlike a crocodile, however; for it had fins rather than paws, and must have been as clumsy on the land as a seal or a walrus. It lay on its side, and the athaleb had fed itself from the uncovered flesh of its belly.

There was nothing here to induce us to stay, and so we wandered along the beach in the other direction. On our right was the bay; on our left the rocky shore, which, beginning at the beach, ran back into the country, a waste of impassable rocks, where not a tree or plant or blade of grass relieved the appalling desolation. Once or twice we made an attempt to penetrate into the country, where openings appeared. These openings seemed like the beds of dried-up torrents. We were able to walk but a few paces, for invariably we would come to some immense blocks of rock, which barred all farther progress. In this way we explored the beach for miles, until it terminated in a savage promontory that rose abruptly from the sea, against which the huge billows broke in thunder.

Then we retraced our steps, and again reached the spot where the athaleb was asleep by the jantannin. Almah was now too weary to walk any farther, nor was it desirable to do so; for, indeed, we had traversed all that could be visited. On one side of the beach was the sea, on the other the impassable rocks; at one end the promontory, at the other the lava fires. There was nothing more for us to do but to wait here until the athaleb should awake, and then our actions would depend upon what we might now decide.

This was the question that was now before us, and this we began to consider. We both felt the most unspeakable aversion for the island, and to remain here any longer was impossible. We would once more have to mount the athaleb, and proceed to some other shore. But where? Ah! there was the question! Not on the island, for it did not seem possible that in all its extent there could be one single spot capable of affording a resting-place. Layelah's information with regard to Magones had made that much plain. I had not taken in her full meaning, but now mine eyes had seen it. Yet where else could we go? Almah could not tell where under the sky lay that land which she loved; I could not guess where to go to find the land of the Orin. Even if I did know, I did not feel able to guide the course of the athaleb; and I felt sure that if we were to mount again, the mighty monster would wing his flight back to the very place from which we had escaped—the *amir*. These thoughts weighed down our spirits. We felt that we had gained nothing by our flight, and that our future was dark indeed. The only hope left us was that we might be able to guide the course of the athaleb in some different direction altogether, so that we should not be carried back to the Kosekin.

And now, worn out by the long fatigues of this *jom*, we thought of sleep. Almah lay down upon the sand, and I seated myself, leaning against a rock, a little distance off, having first reloaded my rifle and pistol.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RECAPTURE.

How long I slept I do not know; but in the midst of my sleep there sounded voices, which at first intermingled themselves with my dreams, but gradually became separate and sounded from without, rousing me from my slumbers. I opened my eyes drowsily, but the sight that I saw was so amazing that in an instant all sleep left me. I started to my feet, and gazed in utter bewilderment upon the scene before me.

The aurora light was shining with unusual brilliancy, and disclosed everything—the sea, the shore, the athaleb, the jantannin, the promontory, all—more plainly and more luminously than before; but it was not any of these things that now excited my attention and rendered me dumb. I saw Almah standing there at a little distance, with despairing face, surrounded by a band of armed Kosekin; while immediately before me, regarding me with a keen glance and an air of triumph, was Layelah.

"*Atæsmzori alonla*," said she, with a sweet smile, giving me the usual salutation of the Kosekin.

I was too bewildered to say a word, and stood mute as before, looking first at her and then at Almah.

The sight of Almah a prisoner once more, surrounded by the Kosekin, excited me to madness. I seized my rifle, and raised it as if to take aim; but Almah, who understood the movement, cried to me:

"Put down your *sepet-ram*, Atam-or! you can do nothing for me. The Kosekin are too numerous."

"*Sepet-ram!*" said Layelah; "what do you mean by that? If your *sepet-ram* has any power, do not try to use it, Atam-or, or else I shall have to order my followers to give to Almah the blessing of death."

At this my rifle was lowered: the whole truth flashed upon me, and I saw, too, the madness of resistance. I might kill one or two, but the rest would do as Layelah said, and I should speedily be disarmed. Well I knew how powerless were the thunders of my fire-arms to terrify these Kosekin; for the prospect of death would only rouse them to a mad enthusiasm, and they would all rush upon me as they would rush upon a jantannin—to slay and be slain. The odds were too great. A crowd of Europeans could be held in check far more easily than these death-loving Kosekin. The whole truth was thus plain: we were prisoners, and were at their mercy.

Layelah showed no excitement or anger whatever. She looked and spoke in her usual gracious and amiable fashion, with a sweet smile on her face.

"We knew," said she, "that you would be in distress in this desolate place, and that you would not know where to go from Magones; and so we have come, full of the most eager desire to relieve your wants. We have brought with us food and drink, and are ready to do everything for you that you may desire. We have had great trouble in finding you, and have coursed over the shores for vast distances, and far over the interior, but our athalebs found you at last by their scent. And we rejoice to have found you in time, and that you are both so well, for we have been afraid that you had been suffering. Nay, Atam-or, do not thank us; thanks are distasteful to the Kosekin: these brave followers of mine will all be amply rewarded for this, for they will all be made paupers; but as for myself, I want no higher reward than the delightful thought that I have saved you from suffering."

The beautiful, smiling Layelah, who addressed me in this way with her sweet voice, was certainly not to be treated as an enemy. Against her a rifle could not be levelled; she would have looked at me with the same sweet smile, and that smile would have melted all my resolution. Nor could I even persist in my determination to remain. Remain! For what? For utter despair! And yet where else could we go?

"You do not know where lie the lands of the Orin," said Layelah. "The athaleb does not know. You could not guide him if you did know. You are helpless on his back. The art of driving an athaleb is difficult, and cannot be learned without long and severe practice. My fear was that the athaleb might break away from you and return, leaving you to perish here. Had you tried to leave this place he would have brought you back to the *amir*."

To this I said nothing—partly because it was so true that I had no answer to make, and partly also out of deep mortification and dejection. My pride was wounded at being thus so easily baffled by a girl like Layelah, and all my grief was stirred by the sadness of Almah. In her eyes there seemed even now the look of one who sees death inevitable, and the glance she gave to me was like an eternal farewell.

Almah now spoke, addressing herself to Layelah.

"Death," said she, in a voice of indescribable mournfulness, "is better here than with you. We would rather die here than go back. Let us, I pray you, receive the blessing of death here. Let us be paupers and exiles, and die on Magones."

Layelah heard this, and stood for a moment in deep thought.

"No one but a stranger," said she at length, "would ask such a favor as that. Do you not know that what you ask is among the very highest honors of the Kosekin? Who am I that I can venture to grant such a request as that? Ask for anything in my power, and I will be glad to grant it. I have already arranged that you shall be separated from Atam-or; and that, surely, is a high privilege. I might consent to bind you hand and foot, after the manner of the more distinguished *Asirin*; you may also be blindfolded if you wish it. I might even promise, after we return to the *amir*, to keep you confined in utter darkness, with barely sufficient food to keep you alive until the time of the sacrifice; in short, there is no blessing known among the Kosekin that I will not give so long as it is in my power. And so, beloved Almah," continued Layelah, "you have every reason for happiness; you have all the highest blessings known among the Kosekin: separation from your lover, poverty, want, darkness; and, finally, the prospect of inevitable death ever before you as the crowning glory of your lot."

These words seemed to the Kosekin the very excess of magnanimity, and involuntary murmurs of admiration escaped them; although it is just possible that they murmured at the greatness of the favor that was offered. But to me it sounded like fiendish mockery, and to Almah it sounded the same; for a groan escaped her, her fortitude gave way, she sank on her knees, buried her head in her hands, and wept.

"Almah," cried I, in a fury, "we will not go back—we will not be separated! I will destroy all the athalebs, and we shall all perish here together. At least, you and I will not be separated."

At this Almah started up.

"No, no," said she—"no; let us go back. Here we have nothing but death."

"But we have death also at the *amir*, and a more terrible one," said I.

"If you kill the athalebs," said Layelah, "I will give Almah the blessing of death."

At this I recoiled in horror, and my resolution again gave way.

"You have some mysterious power of conferring death," continued Layelah, "with what Almah calls your *sepet-ram*; but do not kill the athalebs, for it will do you no good. Almah would then receive the blessing of death. My followers, these noble Kosekin, would rejoice in thus gaining exile and death on Magones. As for myself, it would be my highest happiness to be here alone with you. With you I should live for a few sweet *joms*, and with you I should die; so go on—kill the athalebs if you wish."

"Do not!" cried Almah—"do not! There is no hope. We are their prisoners, and our only hope is in submission."

Upon this all further thought of resistance left me, and I stood in silence, stolidly waiting for their action. As I looked around I noticed a movement near the jantannin, and saw several athalebs there, which were devouring its flesh. I now went over to Almah and spoke with her. We were both full of despair. It seemed as though we might never meet again. We were to be separated now; but who could say whether we should be permitted to see each other after leaving this place? We had but little to say. I held her in my arms, regardless of the presence of others; and these, seeing our emotion, at once moved away, with the usual delicacy of the Kosekin, and followed Layelah to the jantannin to see about the athalebs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAUCUS AND A COMEDY IN IRELAND.

Books and pamphlets have been printed to prove that Ireland has a wonderful amount of water-power. It is a favorite theme for orators who are reverting to the destruction of Irish manufactures, which took place a century or more ago, when steam-power was in its infancy, and the larger island legislated in such fashion as to stamp out the beginnings of commerce and manufactures by means of prohibitory laws. There is a good deal to be said on the other side, for Ireland is not particularly rich in good mill sites; but the pros and cons are equally futile, since the presence or absence of factories never had much to do with water-power. Yet Ireland is provided with bodies of water as no other island. Not only has she harbors on all sides fitted for great fleets, but the ocean penetrates far into her green fields to form salt-water loughs, while the streams in each of the four divisions of the land widen into fresh-water lakes. Ulster and Leinster have connected some of these natural arteries of commerce by canals, so that it is said no section exists that is more than twenty-four miles from some body of water which can take a boat to the sea. Perhaps for these reasons the earliest commerce of which hints remain in history appears to have favored Ireland rather than Britain. In the early Middle Ages the waterways permitted the Norsemen to harry Ireland again and again, and destroy that remarkable civilization which we know existed in the island while the rest of Europe was darkened with the pagan swarms. Wherever you go there is a stream or river to cross, a lake to get a glimpse of, or else use as a highway for miles. Here a canal follows the railway for long distances; there the plain, denuded of trees, glitters with ponds or shallow meres. Water is generally falling from the clouds or hanging suspended in the breeze; it is also nearly always in sight. An Irishman is an amphibian, as ready to fight and make fun on the water as on terra-firma, and the loose, moist condition of the soil in the poorer counties of mid-Ireland has given to all Irishmen of the lower class the nickname of bog-trotters.

The diversion of holding a political meeting, in defiance of laws framed in Parliament for the suppression of the right of public speaking, partakes of fun and fighting, but is not exactly the one, nor is it the other. The temper of the public is too ugly for fun, and one of the great aims of the leaders is to prevent a fight. A scrimmage in which all the advantages, direct and indirect, are on the side of the authorities is naturally a bad card for Irishmen to play. They have played it, however, for several hundred years, much to the satisfaction of their enemies; and they still lose their tempers on occasion, and cause the Orange partisan great joy, for there is a chance then to break the Nationalist heads and fill the prisons, whilst the British press is made to resound with harrowing tales of the desperate barbarism of Erin. Ever and again, however, the wit of the Nationalists is able to compass both the objects desired, namely, to hold a meeting which has been solemnly proclaimed, and yet avoid a hand-to-hand conflict with the police.

The cartoon by M. Rénouard presents a scene from such a comedy. One of those fine bodies of water which Providence has bestowed on Ireland provides an asylum for the petty persecution to which the voting majority is subjected. Word has been passed that boats shall be ready by dawn at a certain spot, and all the available fishing-boats, yawls, and skiffs have crept together through the night to the rendezvous. It is not for a solemn blessing of the fisheries by the parish priest, such as the pious fishermen of the Claddagh still practise near their old settlement by Galway town, but for a lively cursing match in good set English, that these boats have gathered together. While the occupants of the boats rise in applause to the voice of their orator, the minions of the law stand helpless on land and look in vain for some means to reach and scatter the proclaimed meeting.

The orator on this occasion is not particularly Irish in his type of face; he might come from any portion of the British Islands, and with few exceptions the same may be said of the other men. The boat on the right in the foreground has four typical faces in those of the gossoon who has lent a "helping hand" at the oar, of the stolid youth with a soft hat on his pate, and of the two elderly bareheaded men who wear cutaway coats of heavy frieze woven at home, and the smallclothes which the rising generation will not wear. The platform on which the orator

stands is not broad, and that which he announces with clinch of fist and stentor voice may be summed up tersely as "Ireland forever!—Erin-go-Brâ!" He does not want Irishmen to be treated to special legislation from abroad as paupers or incurable malcontents, but allowed to manage their own affairs as they see fit. Presently he will call attention to the truly remarkable fact that the same legislators who have been calling heaven and earth to witness that Home Rule would be pernicious for Irishmen are making ready to dose England and Wales with that very poison. The Irish are said to be witty, generally speaking, yet to show a lack of the sense of humor. The spokesman of that flotilla will never be able to get into the heads of his hearers any idea of the humor involved in cursing Irishmen for demanding Home Rule, and then quietly maturing a scheme to give it to the inhabitants of the larger island.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THERE are many indications from Indiana which must strengthen the conclusion that the delegates to the Republican National Convention from that State will be instructed to vote for BENJAMIN HARRISON as the candidate for President. Political feeling is strong in Indiana. It tends in both parties to the selection of men of pronounced political views and strict adherence to party practices. To the Republican politicians of the State who are favorable to the selection of a candidate about whose zeal there can be no question, General HARRISON is an attractive figure. Not without reason; for he comes of a historic line, he has been a champion of his party for years, and he has qualities of head and heart that entitle him to be regarded as a "favorite son."

Major-General HARRISON, an English ancestor, bore arms with OLIVER CROMWELL, and rose with him to prominence in the Revolution. It fell to his lot to sign the death-warrant of CHARLES I., and after the Restoration he paid the penalty for this act, being hanged October 13, 1660. BENJAMIN HARRISON, the first descendant of CROMWELL'S General who appears in American history, was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, later a delegate to the Colonial Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, three times elected Governor of Virginia, and a member of the Convention that ratified the Constitution. His son was General WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, whose honorable career as a soldier and statesman culminated in his election to the Presidency in 1840, to be followed by his death in the White House one month after his inauguration. JOHN SCOTT HARRISON, the son of President HARRISON, was the father of the subject of this sketch.

BENJAMIN HARRISON was born at North Bend, Ohio, in his grandfather's house, August 20, 1833. Physically and mentally vigorous, he early manifested a desire to begin an active and independent career. At sixteen he entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and two years later was graduated. He was a bright scholar, with an aptitude for grasping easily the knottiest problems, and with a mind that adapted itself readily to discipline. He had an early inclination for the legal profession. On leaving college he began in Cincinnati, with the Hon. B. STORER as his preceptor, the study of law, and in 1854 he entered upon the practice of his profession in Indianapolis. He was twenty-one, square-shouldered, fair-haired, rather serious, reserved in manner, with no inheritance except his education and a good name, without acquaintance, but with a wife to provide for. A legislative investigation, in which he secured employment through the Democratic Governor, JOSEPH A. WRIGHT, brought him into notice. The ability that he displayed won for him the highest praise of lawyers and laymen. From that time his abilities were fully occupied. He soon acquired the reputation of consummate skill in the preparation of cases, became an expert examiner of witnesses, discussed legal questions in written briefs or oral arguments with convincing logic, and became one of the leaders of his profession as an advocate.

It was inevitable that he should drift into politics. With many young men of generous impulses he joined the Republican party, and with superior oratorical ability he soon became known as one of the best and most fearless Republican speakers. It amazed the Democrats of the State to see him challenge Mr. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS to "divide time"; but it was afterward declared by the chairman of the meeting that he had "never heard a man skin an opponent as quickly as BEN HARRISON did HENDRICKS that day." In 1860 he was a candidate for Reporter of the Supreme Court, and in the LINCOLN campaign of that year he was elected. He cared little for the office, except for the opportunity that it gave him to continue in the study of his profession at an increase of income.

The outbreak of the rebellion soon dragged him from the life of the citizen to that of a soldier. Governor MORTON in July, 1862, asked him to assist in recruiting a regiment under the President's call for 300,000 three-year troops. He received the first commission for the Seventieth Regiment, and as Second Lieutenant inspired such enthusiasm wherever he went that he soon raised Company A, was made Captain, helped to fill up the other companies of the regiment, and in less than a month had completed it, and was at its head as Colonel, ready to go to the front. Governor MORTON signified a willingness to accept his resignation if he chose to remain at home and hold his civil office. But Colonel HARRISON preferred the military service. Once chosen, he devoted himself to that career with all his ability. He served through Kentucky and Tennessee up to January, 1864, when his regiment was assigned to the First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twentieth Army Corps. His services had been highly honorable to him up to this time, but he had not yet reached his highest honors. He was ordered to lead the assault at Resaca on May 15, 1864. The duty was gallantly performed, his command rushing irresistibly over the enemy's terrible lines, and capturing both lines and guns. At Peach-tree Creek, while commanding his brigade, his soldierly qualities drew from his commanding officer, General "Jo" HOOKER, the most enthusiastic praise. On the battle-field he declared that he would make Colonel HARRISON Brigadier-General for his part in the fight. And he wrote a despatch to Secretary of War STANTON in which he recommended his promotion, complimented his brigade for its discipline, praised him for his wisdom, foresight, and valor, and advised his promotion as a just recognition of his services and martial accomplishments. He served through the war to its close. He took part in the siege and battle of Nashville, was at the surrender of JOHNSTON, and with his command participated in the final review of the Union forces at Washington before the great army became once more a part of the common body of citizens.

While he was away from Indiana the Supreme Court, Democratic in composition, declared vacant the office of Supreme Court Reporter, to which HARRISON had been elected. Another reporter was elected. In the fall of 1864, after Atlanta had fallen, he took his first leave of absence. The State Convention had nominated him again for the place from which he had been ousted. Reaching home, he devoted himself so effectively to the work of the canvass for the thirty days accorded him that he was elected for another term. He declined a re-election in 1868, and until 1876 devoted himself diligently to the practice of his profession. In 1876 he was made the candidate for Governor, after he had declined to run, and after another candidate had been nominated and had declined. He accepted the nomination as a public duty. After he had accepted it he devoted himself to the work of the campaign with great energy. But there was great activity in both the Republican and Democratic parties in Indiana in 1876. General HARRISON was defeated, but he came out of the fight with extended acquaintance with the people of the State, and with increased national popularity. He was a prominent speaker in the campaign of 1880 in the East and the West. His friends in Indiana had little difficulty in electing him to the place in the Senate of the United States about to be vacated by JOSEPH E. MCDONALD, and he took his seat in that body on March 4, 1881.

Senator HARRISON took his seat in the Senate on the day upon which General GARFIELD was inaugurated. The session was an extra one for executive business only, and he simply attended and voted when occasion arose. When the Senate reassembled in the following December, at the beginning of the Forty-seventh Congress, and opportunity offered, he assumed his share of the duties of the body. He did not force himself forward as a speaker. When he did speak he commanded attention. He was the warm friend of the soldier, and he spoke cordially in his behalf. Upon Chinese immigration he argued for a faithful regard of treaty obligations in enforcing exclusion. Service on the Mississippi River Commission prepared him to discuss familiarly all propositions brought forward for the improvement of the navigation of that stream. One day in July, 1882, the Senate heard him at his best. His colleague, Senator VOORHEES, in discussing a revenue reduction bill, had made a characteristically loose and reckless oration, laying stress upon some phrases in which he had ridiculed the Republicans for taking the tax off perfumery and cosmetics. Senator HARRISON had waited for just this speech. When Senator VOORHEES concluded, Senator HARRISON began, and stepping down into the arena in front of the desks, and approaching the Democratic side, he went on, without notes, to belabor his colleague most vigorously and unmercifully for nearly an hour. It was the most brilliant speech delivered by Mr. HARRISON during his term in the Senate. Senator VOORHEES never sought occasion again to provoke him to answer.

In the second session of the Forty-seventh Congress Senator HARRISON'S principal speeches were made upon the civil service, the BLAIR educational bill, and on the Mississippi River scheme of improvement. While he favored the general purpose of the civil service law then under consideration, and afterward voted for it, he contended for the perfect freedom of the government employé to contribute for political purposes. On February 12, 1884, he expressed himself very pointedly on this subject. "I should regard myself," he said, "as little less than a slave if as an American citizen I believed, let me say for illustration, in the doctrine of protection, in which my colleague also takes an interest, and was the head of a bureau here, receiving a salary of $3000 a year, I was not allowed to contribute to the purchase of documents or the distribution of speeches that were calculated to impress upon the public mind the views I held." He voted for the civil service bill, and later on, after President CLEVELAND became the appointing power, he vigorously criticised instances of alleged departure of the Administration from the letter and spirit of the law. During the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress General HARRISON was heard in many speeches on the BLAIR educational bill, to which he made many serious objections. In one speech on this subject he said: "There is a giving that pauperizes; there is a giving that enfeebles. It is against that sort of giving that I protest. The wisest managers of benevolence in these late years have come to the conclusion that giving should always be so regulated as to save self-respect, and awaken in the mind of a recipient the lost faith in his ability to take care of himself. We should carefully avoid that giving which creates a disposition to lean and to expect, which takes the stamina and strength and self-dependence out of men. That principle will, I think, apply to the giving which is proposed by this bill." After the inauguration of President CLEVELAND, and when the Republicans of the Senate took issue with the Executive about appointments, Senator HARRISON was heard on several occasions in speeches of a critical character. He was heard very infrequently during the closing months of his term. In 1887 an effort was made by the Republicans of Indiana to control the Legislature in order that he might be chosen to succeed himself. Senator HARRISON was confident that the State and Legislature could be carried. The Republicans won in the State, but the Democrats carried the Legislature by a small majority, electing DAVID TURPIE as Senator. General HARRISON resumed the practice of his profession at Indianapolis.

Personally Governor HARRISON is somewhat under the average height; but his straight, strong figure, soldierly bearing, and easy dignity of manner make him a noticeable person among men. His hair is very fair, and his face is clothed with a blond beard in which there are no streaks of gray. One term of service in the Senate did not encrust him with the veneering of Senatorial reserve. He was and is one of the most approachable of men, ready to talk upon all public subjects freely, and having something to say on most subjects that it is worth while to hear. As an orator he was one of the best of the Senate, speaking clearly, without fatigue, and with no merely perfunctory zeal, and with a voice of silvery resonance and great penetration.

A VISIT TO CIMARRON, COLORADO.

A TRAVELLER in the far West must be struck with the warm hospitality of the people, especially among the ranchmen and in the smaller settlements. The latch-string is out everywhere for all except cattle thieves and hostile red-skins. The stranger will not only receive a hearty greeting, but be welcomed to a seat at the family board. It might be said that the face of a visitor brings joy to many who lead an almost isolated life on the vast prairies or in the mountain mines, and so relieves the monotony of their existence that they are glad to demonstrate their happiness by a celebration. This is, however, too narrow a view to take. There is a spontaneity and cordiality about the display of hospitality which indicate that it comes from the heart. The independence and freedom of the West develop man's natural traits, and brush aside the conventionalities of society. It is the region where a man, in the best and full meaning of the term, is held to be a man. There the most vigorous, untrammelled manhood of America is to be found. As man is by nature a social animal, so his hospitable instincts are there conspicuously manifested.

The incidents attending a delay on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, due to a wash-out several months ago, served to impress these ideas forcibly on a party who were caught by the accident in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Upon the advice of the railroad officials it was decided to spend thirty-six hours at Cimarron, Colorado, a small railroad station with three hundred inhabitants, which in early days was a stopping-point for stages from the Gunnison to the San Miguel region, and which was then known as Cline's ranch. The village nestles down under the towering rocks which stand at the western end of the magnificent Black Cañon, through which the Gunnison River plunges on the western slopes of the Rockies. The main recommendation of the place was that mine host THAYER kept there one of the best eating-houses in the State. As soon as the news that a party from New York would stop at the place reached Cimarron, a girl only eleven years old mounted her pony, and visited all the ranches and houses within a radius of ten miles to invite the occupants to attend a dance to be given that evening in honor of the visitors. As it grew dark, horsemen and horsewomen began to ride up to the public-house, while the railroad men from the village came with their sweethearts. A melodeon, guitar, and violin furnished fair music for the party of one hundred, and all joined enthusiastically in the dance until the early morning—the cow-boy in leather clothes with pistols in his belt, the college-bred man who had become a rancher, but still had a black cut-away to sport, the village belle in fresh cambric dress, the fearless cattle queen, the railroad official and employé, the society girl from the East in travelling costume, the capitalist and the New York politician, all were friends and equals.

Before the ball ended, the cow-boys had persuaded the Eastern party to be their guests on the following day. Several ranches were visited, the reception at each being warm and generous. The home of a cattle queen was of particular interest. The owner of the ranch, a brown-eyed, dark-colored, sharp-featured, strong, and wiry-looking woman of about forty-three years of age, said to be a widow, occupied a log cabin on the edge of Silver Creek, under the shade of cotton-woods, and several miles from any other habitation. In this one-story hut, which had two rooms, the large eating and living room had low ceilings, covered with muslin instead of plaster. The sides were chinked with mud, white and clean-looking in contrast to the brown logs, which gave the appearance of white and brown horizontal stripes. Books, illustrated papers, and modern literature were heaped on a table in one corner. The cooking arrangements were at one side. On the wall hung two loaded rifles, which the widow used with such skill in cases of necessity that riotous cow-boys and thieves gave her ranch a wide range. She declared that she was afraid of no man, and the fire in her eye and defiant carriage showed that she felt fully able to take care of herself. This widow went to Colorado a few years ago with a few hundred dollars to invest in cattle. Now she has about 15,000 head of cattle and thousands of swine and fowls, and owns many acres of valuable land. She lives alone, leads the cow-boys in the round-up, manages her property successfully, is growing rich, and is thoroughly independent. Women like her can be found in all parts of the cattle territory. As it becomes known that they can undertake this life and business without fear of harm or loss of self-respect, the number of cattle queens increases steadily.

SLEEP.

A WORLD of nerves, of jarring pain;
Discord and weariness; and then
With sudden sweetness dawns the reign
Of love and light again.

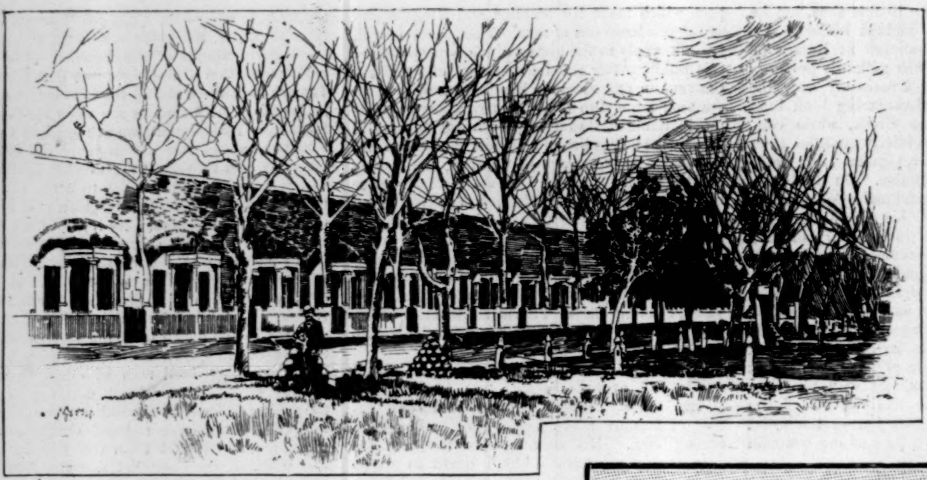
A world that seemed of peace the grave;
Then one with peace that plighted troth—
With naught between the two worlds, save
An hour's unconsciousness of both.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

HE BROUGHT HOME THE WRONG ONE.

BELIEVER IN THE SUPERNATURAL. "There, my dear, a portrait of myself, painted by a spirit hand at a séance I went to lately; it's been down at the office with a lot of other works of art, and I've been keeping it till I could give it to you on our wedding anniversary. Marvellous, ain't it?"

UNBELIEVER. "Wonderful!"

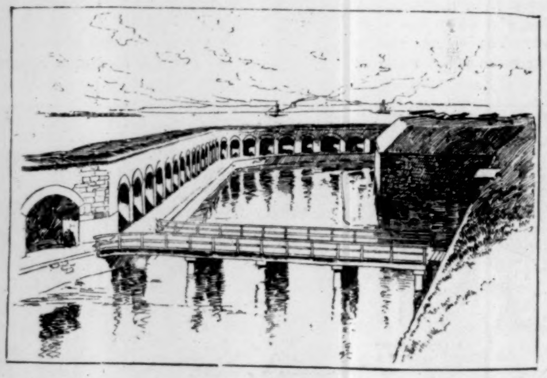


OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN CASEMATES.

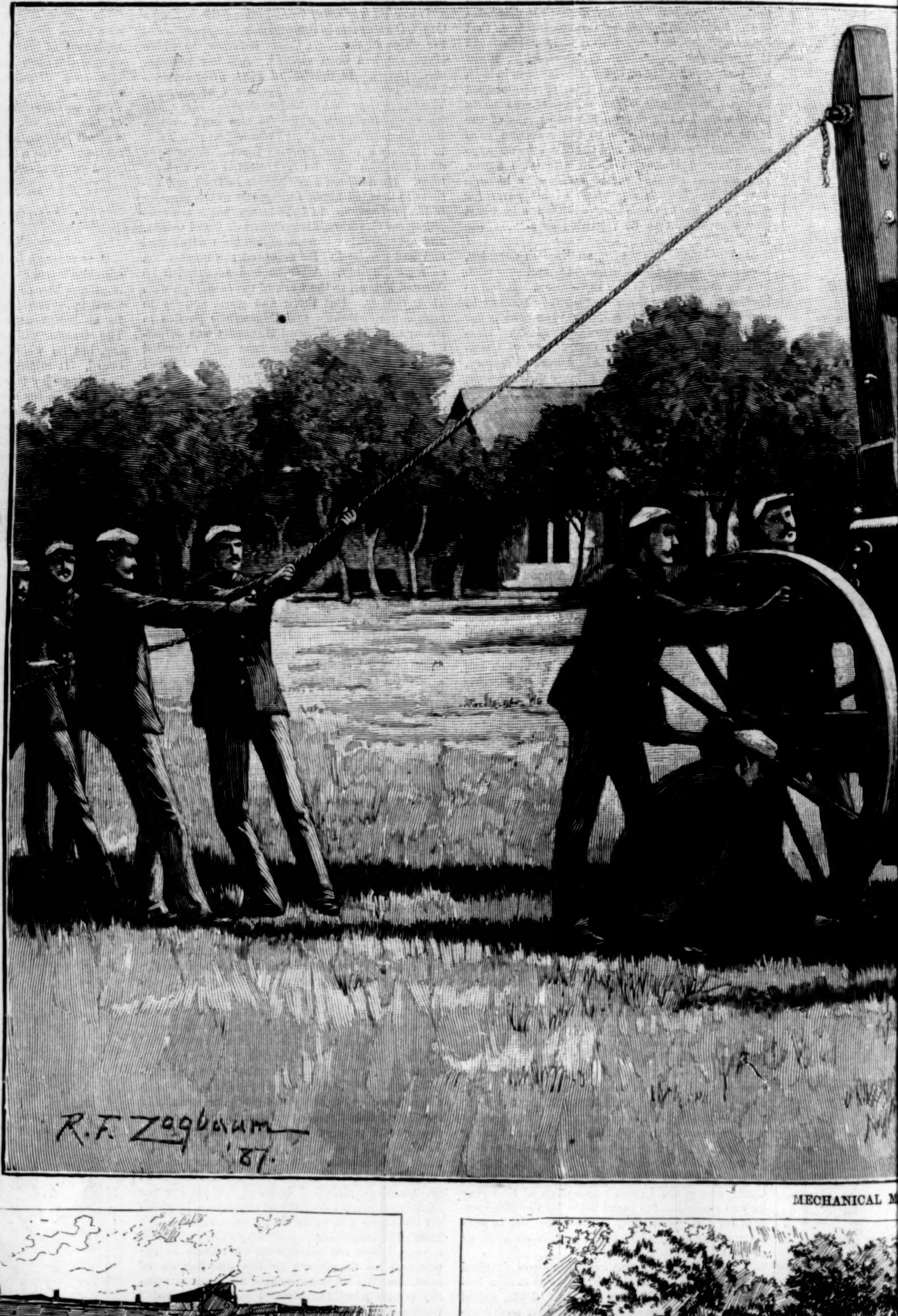
HOSPITAL

UNITED STATES ARSENAL.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

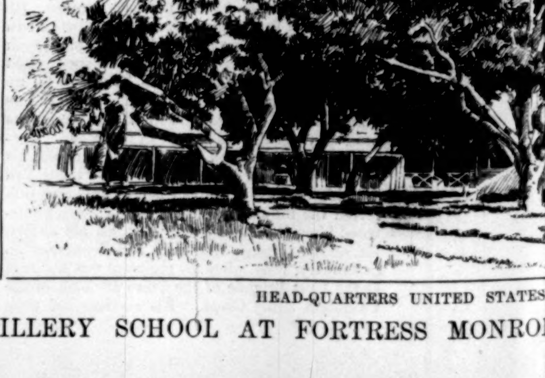


WATER BATTERY.



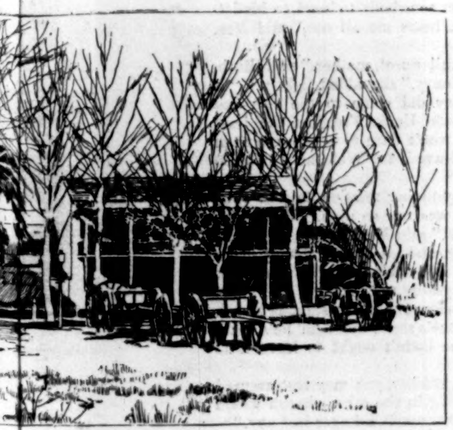
MECHANICAL M

POST TRADER.

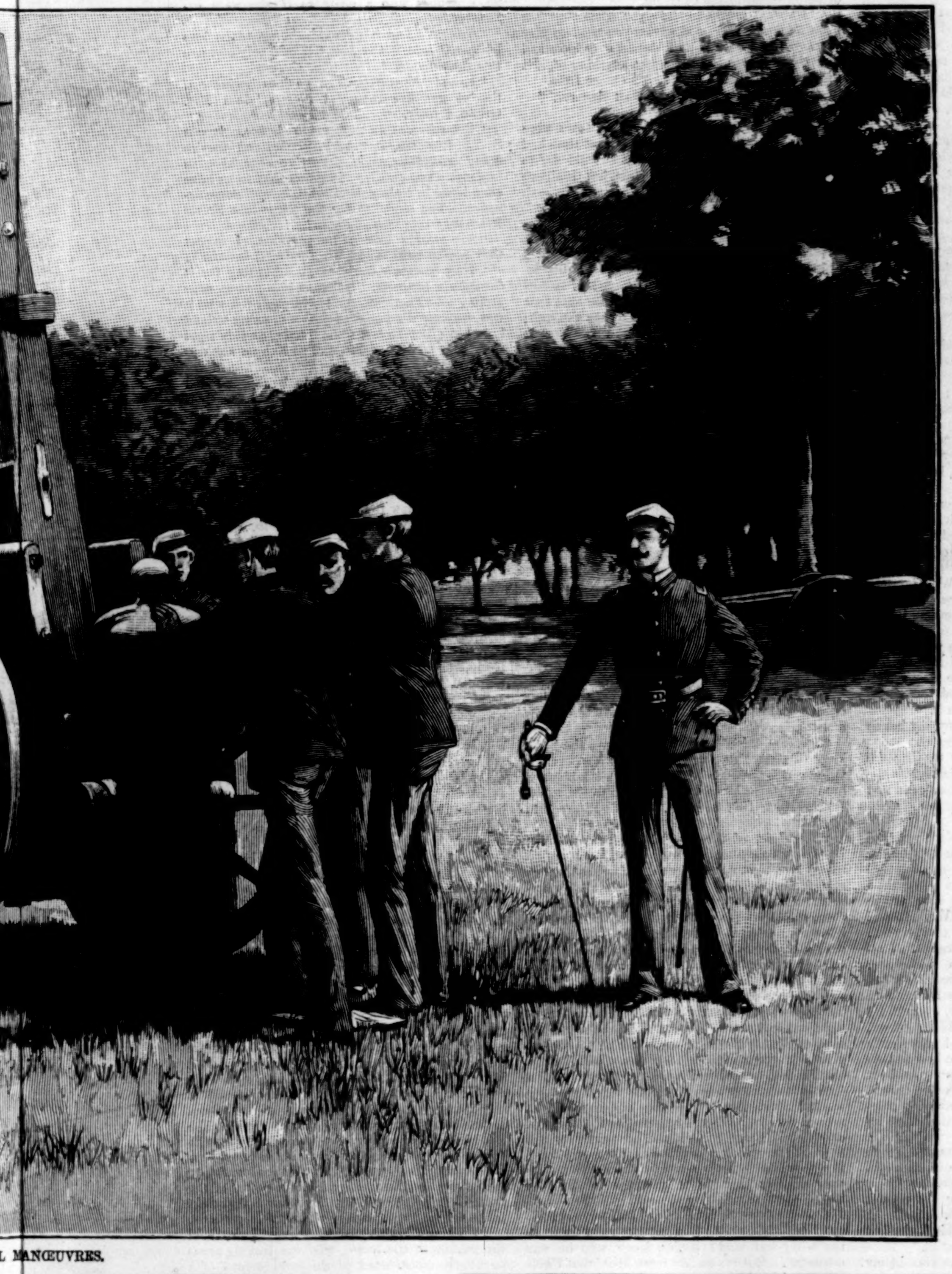


HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES

THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY SCHOOL AT FORTRESS MONRO



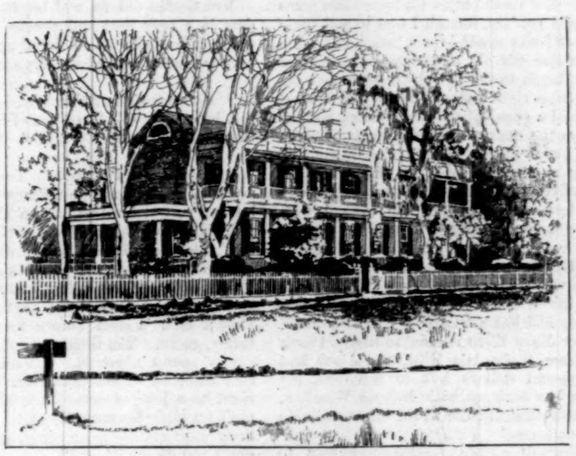
TUILERIES, OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



L MANŒUVRES.

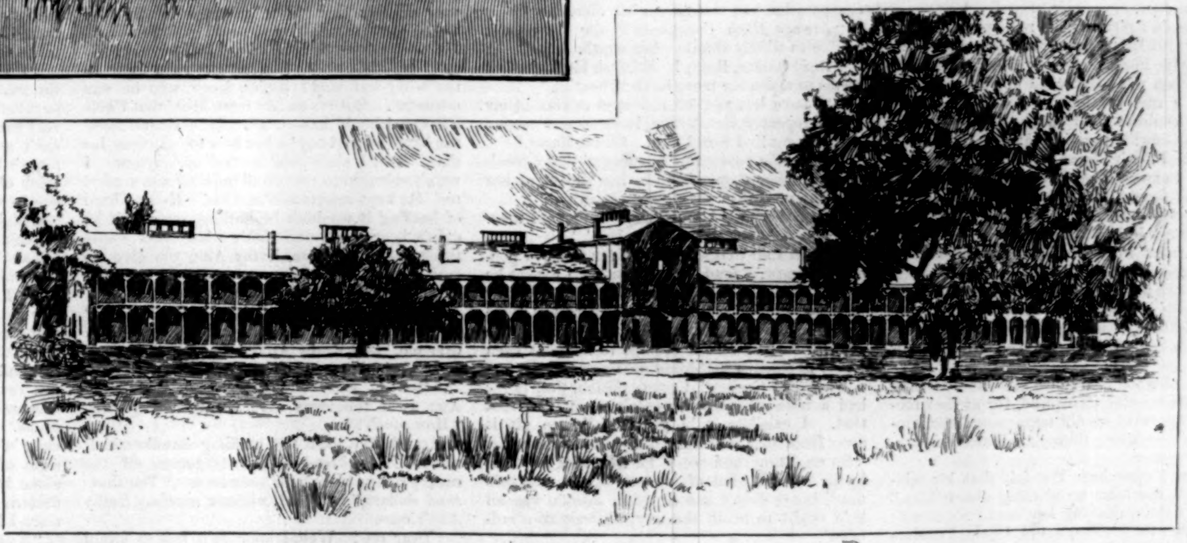
COMMANDING OFFICER'S QUARTERS.

GUARD-HOUSE—MAIN GUARD.



ORDNANCE OFFICERS' QUARTERS.

TES ARTILLERY SCHOOL.



BARRACKS.

ROE.—From a Drawing by R. F. Zogbaum and from Photographs.—[See Page 271.]

UNCLE FREEDOM'S FORTUNE.

By SOPHIE SWETT.

"I've fit and struggled and scrimped and saved, and I know jest what it is never to feel certain how long you're goin' to have a roof over your head or a meal's victuals, and I don't want to see Ruthy Ann get into the same pew. I've set the facts before her jest as they be, but land! you can't scare a girl of twenty that's in love. I hain't nothing to say against Nahum Winslow; he's steady and likely, and his folks always bore a good name; but he ain't strong, and he hain't no faculty for farmin' more'n 'Lias had, and I know what farmin' is at the best down here to Hardscrabble. It makes me real kind of sick and faint to hear Ruthy Ann tell how she's goin' to raise poultry 'n' bees, and help Nahum pay off the mortgage, and then she's goin' to buy her a parlor organ. You wouldn't think, now, that I'd ever had any ambition, but I declare if I didn't try seven years, in the best times we ever see, to buy me a parlor organ! Ruthy Ann was ten when I begun, and Sereny Pritchard she'd got one for Mary Ellen, and was havin' her take lessons. I tried to save my butter money 'n' my egg 'n' turkey money, and I took in sewin', tailorin'-work that was dretful heavy, and done it nights, and I declare there wa'n't nothing but my Christian perfession that kep' me from doin' it Sundays. Sometimes I'd have consid'able many dollars, and then they'd get eat up or drunk up, or have to go for taxes, or meetin' privileges, or something; but I ain't one to give up easy, and I never stopped tryin' till 'Lias come down with that carbuncle back of his neck. The doctor said his constitution was all broke up, and I knew it wa'n't no use thinkin' of parlor organs. Seemed kind of wicked that my mind should have run on it then, even when I was asleep, but I declare I did dream that I see it—you see I'd got it all picked out from the pictures in the back of the *Cultivator*—standin' right in our front room as nat'ral as life, but it turned into a hand-organ while I was lookin', and the minister was turnin' the crank, and a-squattin' on the top was a monkey that was the graven image of Dr. Sargent, with his little round bare head and big ears. How I come to dream of the minister 'long of it I s'pose was because I'd told his wife how I was tryin' to get it, and he felt a call to come and warn me against worldly lusts; and he asked me if I wa'n't makin' an idle of it in my heart, and settin' it before my Lord and Saviour. Mebbe I did, but I declare I believe the Lord understands better'n men-folks how women do want things 'bout the house. Well, I didn't get it. Dr. Sargent's bills overthrowed that idle. I expect, if I had got it, Sereny Pritchard would have had a piano the next day. That was the way it was when I got my goblets. You know, Mis' Skinner, what a hand 'Lias was to invite folks here, no matter whether things was decent or not. Well, one County Conference time we had six ministers, and nothin' but tin dippers for 'em to drink their water in. When I took on, 'Lias said, Well, wa'n't the dippers bright and shinin', and where else could they get such spring-water as that? That was the way with 'Lias; if he had plenty of good victuals and a comfortable place to read his paper in, that was all *he* cared for. I expect it's the way with most men, but it's real tryin'. But I was bound I'd have some glass goblets, and I got 'em, though I had to sell some feathers that I was needin' for a bed, for the one we slep' on had got old and thin. I declare if 'Lias didn't begin to say he felt the slats so't his back was lame right off, and Sereny Pritchard went and had a silver-plated pitcher and goblets from Boston the next week. She said they was a present, but I always thought 'twas kind of cur'us they should 'a come jest then. Well, she's had silver to my glass right along, Sereny Pritchard has, and I expect she always will. When we was girls together I used to cry because she had brown curly hair to my red 'n' straight. Her folks was as poor as mine, and poorer, and when she married Seth Pritchard he hadn't as fair a start in life as 'Lias had, but they went up hill jest as stiddy as we come down, and now her Mary Ellen is goin' to marry Frank Richards, from Richards's Mills, that's jest had twenty thousand dollars left to him, and my Ruthy Ann has took up with Nahum Winslow, that hain't anything in the world but a mis'able little run-out farm."

Mrs. Ruhamah Griffin, familiarly known to Hardscrabble as "Mis' Rumy," jerked her pan of bread out of the oven, and pinched her thumb in the oven door.

"You needn't pity me; its real consolin'," she said, grimly, to Mrs. Skinner, the friend who had "run in" with her knitting. "Didn't you never feel, when you was all worked up in your mind, that 'twas a real comfort to get a pinch or a burn? I couldn't feel much better if 'twas Sereny Pritchard's thumb that was pinched—there now! I don't blame you a mite for lookin' shocked. I expect I be dretful unchristian, but diggin' your fingers to the bone for what drops into other folks' laps without their tryin', and then not gettin' it, is real irritatin'."

"It's a tryin' world," said Mrs. Skinner, who was fat and comfortable, and not given to struggling after the unattainable; "but I wouldn't get so worked up if I was you. There's one thing certain—Ruthy Ann is a sight prettier than Mary Ellen; and bein' Friday, too, you'll spoil your meetin'."

Whether this mingled consolation and warning had any effect never transpired, for at that moment the figure of an old man passed the window, and a resounding thump announced his presence at the door.

"Oh dear! sometimes I've felt that his relations wa'n't the least tryin' thing about 'Lias," said Mrs. Griffin, shaking her bread vigorously out of the pan. "That's old Uncle Freedom Goss, and whether he wants a patch set on or a letter read or wrote, he's so kind of fidgety and fussin', seems as if I should fly."

"It makes men-folks so, to live alone, poor old cretur! I b'lieve I'll jest step out the other way, for I declare if he don't tell me, every time I see him, jest how old I be, and if there's anybody that likes that—"

Mrs. Skinner barely escaped as Uncle Freedom Goss followed his knock into the room—a little tough and leathery old man, so top-heavy that it seemed remarkable he should preserve his balance, not only by reason of a disproportionately large head, but also of a hat which rested upon his ears, and seemed threatening to extinguish him altogether. He wore green shades over his eyes, and had the vigilant air of a blind person; but as he pushed up the shades it became evident that he was only partially destitute of sight.

From one of his inner pockets he drew a letter in a long business-like envelop.

"It's a consid'able thick one, ain't it? Who it's from beats me. It come this mornin'. Little Johnny Thrasher fetched it over to me, and I come off and left my clothes right in the suds, I was so struck up. I was so upset by the size and heft of it that I forgot to ask Johnny to look at the postmark. Mebbe it's jest as well; 'twould 'a ben all over town by this time. I don't expect there's nobody but what knows by this time that I got a letter." The old man scarcely suppressed a chuckle of delight, although he feigned to frown.

"I can't make it out, it's so kind of rubbed out," said Mrs. Griffin, holding the long envelop up to the light, and puzzling over it as if she were unaware that she could at once find out where it came from by opening it. "It seems to spell P-a-w; it might be Pawtucket."

"Pawtucket? Pawtucket?" said the old man, in a perplexed way. "There was my cousin Josiah Merritt; he went off that way some'eres when he failed down here to the mills. I heard he was gittin' consid'able forehanded. Guess it ain't from him," said Uncle Freedom Goss, with unconscious sarcasm.

"Mebbe *you'd* better open it," said Mrs. Griffin, with a homespun woman's natural respect for a business envelop.

"My hands are kind of tremblin'; s'posin' *you* do," said Uncle Freedom. And Mrs. Griffin courageously broke the seal.

"Seems to be a business dockymunt," she said. "I declare if it ain't a will!—'Copy of the last will 'n' testamunt of Josiah Merritt, late of Pawtucket.'"

"Josiah dead? Land! Rumy, you jest wait a minute; seems as if my ears was givin' out 'long of my eyes." The old man unfurled a large red handkerchief, and muffled the cage of the shrilling canary-bird. "And that pesky cretur's enough to deefen anybody. Josiah dead! Well, how the young folks does drop off! He couldn't 'a ben much more'n sixty. Set closeter, Rumy, and don't let me miss a word."

"Here's a letter inside directed to you; mebbe that 'll explain more about it," said Mrs. Griffin, to whom various legal terms in the very beginning of the "dockymunt" presented difficulties which made her fear to launch upon it.

"I expect it will; you open it, Rumy, my hands are tremblin' so."

Mrs. Griffin did so, and began by reading the date in a very loud and precise voice, while the old man leaned with one hand upon his cane and held the other behind his large ear.

"'My dear Cousin Freedom,—Before you read this letter you will know that I have left you ten thousand dollars in my will.'"

"Ten thousand dollars! You're sure you're a-readin' it right, are you, Rumy? Well, go on! but not so terrible fast, it's so kind of upsettin'. I declare I wouldn't never 'a believed it. I alwus calc'lated Josiah would die a bachelder; he was one that see the snares of women-folks. Young, like me, but I don' know as I should 'a thought of his leavin' me anything, even if I'd known he'd 'a died before me. Well, go on, Rumy, go on. Ten thousand dollars! My head's a-goin' round 'n' round. I don't see how Josiah ever come by so much money. Seems as if it must be a joke of some kind, or—you're sure it ain't an adver*tise*ment, Rumy? There don't nobody want stamps for a reply, does there? Why don't you go on, Rumy?"

Rumy had "gone on," but she was reading to herself, and a peculiar expression of scorn and exasperation had come upon her face.

"Always them Pritchards!" she murmured, unable to wholly smother her wrath.

"Read louder, Rumy! Bein' so kind of upset seems to make me more hard of hearin'."

"'I have left you ten thousand dollars in my will,'" repeated Mrs. Griffin, in stentorian tones.

"Yes, yes! I heerd that. Go on, Rumy."

Mrs. Griffin seemed to be encountering difficulties; whether they existed in her throat, or her eyesight, or on the paper, was not clear.

"Poor spellin', I expect," said the old man. "Josiah wa'n't no hand for learnin'."

"'That's all that's necessary for folks in general to know,'" read Mrs. Griffin. "I expect he means that 'tain't necessary for folks to know jest how much you've got, and where you keep it, and all," she commented; but she felt her face growing so red that it seemed to her that even Uncle Freedom's half-blind eyes must see it.

"Land of Goshen! I guess Josiah, that never had a mite of caution, needn't warn me about that. I calc'late it 'll puzzle folks to git it away from me," said the old man, with a chuckle. "Go on, Rumy, and see if he tells how he come by it. Seems kind of hard to say it, now he's dead, but I didn't use to think Josiah was all he'd ought to be in the way of straightfor'ardness."

"'This is all honest money, earned by the sweat of my brow, but—'" Mrs. Griffin paused and cleared her throat.

"Well, I'm glad of that," remarked Uncle Freedom.

"'I've got to be a deacon of the church,'" continued the reader, "'and—'"

"Well, I swum! I wouldn't have expected that of Josiah. But there! it ain't for feeble human creturs to say what's fittin' vessels for the Lord's grace. I'm glad of that. I declare I'm glad to think Josiah was prepared. Go on, and see if he says how I'm goin' to get it, Rumy."

"'My executors, whose names are wrote down in the will, will put you in possession of the money, and I know I can trust you to—to make a good use of it.'"

"Well, now, I expect he can! It's kind of cur'us of Josiah to say that, seein' I never was one of the wasteful kind. But you hadn't ought to complain of dead folks, partikerlerly when they've left you a fortin. I have got to take good care of it, that's a fact, there's so many that 'll be wantin' to git it away from me." Uncle Freedom shook his head seriously, and yet with an air of being equal to the occasion.

"'I always meant to show you some way that I hadn't forgot the good advice you used to give me, and I don't know as I should ever have had so much, or come to be thought anything of, if it hadn't been for that. And so no more from

"'Josiah Merritt.'"

"Well, I declare!" A few gentle tears were rolling through the deep channels that time had dug in Uncle Freedom's cheeks. "I did use to advise him a sight, that's a fact, but I b'lieve it's the first time anybody ever got paid in cash for't. He used to git consid'able riled about it then. Ten thousand dollars! It doos seem as if I must be dreamin', Rumy. I used to think when I was young that I should be rich; but I give up that idee long ago, as most folks has to. And to think it's come in my old age! I've had to be pooty consid'able savin' so's to be sure that what I had in the bank would carry me through; but I hain't never been hungry, and I hain't never failed to have my mite for the contribution box and the minister's donation, and I've realized that the Lord had given me consid'able many blessin's. I didn't expect that riches was goin' to be hove in."

"I don't expect there was anybody that Josiah had any more call to leave his money to than to you," said Mrs. Griffin.

"Mebbe not, mebbe not, seein' he hadn't a family. I hope he didn't forgit to give something for the support of the gospil and of furrin' missions."

"There's needy folks nigher home," said Mrs. Griffin, shortly.

"They've got the light of the gospil, Rumy. Well, well, I must be goin'. There's my washin' all in the suds. I declare I hope I sha'n't forgit who I be, I feel so flustered. I'm obleeged to ye, Rumy. There ain't nobody else that I'd trust as I do you. I know you can keep a close mouth. Good-by, good-by. When my hens gits to layin' a little better I'll bring ye up some aigs."

The door closed upon Uncle Freedom, but opened suddenly, a moment after, to admit his anxious face.

"I expect I'd better put it right into the bank 'long of what I've got, Rumy. All kinds of investments is so deceivin' and resky! I don' know but what it's resky to trust so much to the bank. Well, well, I must be goin'. Here's Ruthy Ann comin'."

"The light of the gospil! Seems as if the Lord had forsook me a'ready, for I come nigh tellin' him that wa'n't victuals 'n' clo'es!" murmured Mrs. Griffin. "I shouldn't be a mite surprised if he should leave that money to the heathen, or Welcome's folks, after all, if 'Lias was his own nephew. I declare I do feel terrible wicked! If it had been anybody but Seth Pritchard I shouldn't 'a done it. 'Twas a terrible temptation for the Lord to heave in my way. If Josiah Merritt wanted to leave five thousand dollars to Seth Pritchard, why couldn't he 'a done it right out in his will, instead of leavin' ten thousand to Uncle Freedom and writin' to him to give Seth half? He said he was afraid 'twould hurt his infloounce, bein' a deacon, to own up that ever he'd cheated anybody: how nigh I come to readin' that! More, too, the business was so mixed up that he didn't feel cert'in that he had, only bein' he was goin' to die, he wanted to feel sure of not wrongin' anybody. If ever he got five thousand dollars out of Seth Pritchard, he was smarter than folks give him credit for! There ain't any law that could obleege Uncle Freedom to give Seth Pritchard half anyhow, seein' there ain't no mention of any such thing in the will; but land! Josiah knew who he was a-trustin'. But it's a sight more fittin' that Uncle Freedom should have it all. If he should show the letter to anybody!—but he's too cautious for that. And I ain't goin' to feel so, anyhow. I wa'n't obleeged to read it all unless I was a mind to. He kept interruptin' me too. He's so hard of hearing it wouldn't be nothing strange if he didn't hear it all, and that's what folks would think if— I declare, Ruthy Ann, you give me such a start! What do you want to come creepin' in that way for?"

"What is the matter with Uncle Freedom? He was talking to himself, and he almost ran over me," said Ruthy Ann.

"He's had money left to him."

"Money! Uncle Freedom!" exclaimed Ruthy Ann, as if the ideas were wholly incongruous. "How much?"

Mrs. Griffin took the muffling handkerchief, which Uncle Freedom had forgotten, off the canary's cage before she answered. "Ten thousand dollars," she said, without meeting Ruthy Ann's eyes.

"Dear me! Well, I hope he'll feel to afford to hire somebody to do his house-work, now."

"I wish he'd get somebody to 'tend to his letters. I declare it beats me all out," said Mrs. Griffin.

"You do look all upset, mother," said Ruth. "I hope it wasn't envy," she added, lightly. "It seems as if money did come to the very *last* people. It won't do Uncle Freedom the least bit of good. He won't dare to spend a cent of it, and then he'll leave it for Welcome's children to quarrel over."

"They ain't any nigher relation to him than what your father was, nor so nigh. Welcome's only a half-brother," said Mrs. Griffin.

"But he's living, and his sons, and they make so much of him. You don't mean that you think he would leave anything to us?"

"I don't know why your father shouldn't have full more'n Welcome's sons; and bein' he's dead, I don't see why he hadn't ought to leave it to you."

"He never will, mother, you may rest assured of that. My singing in the other church would have spoiled my chances, if I'd ever had any."

"It's a terrible contr'y world," said Mrs. Griffin, dropping into a chair as if she were exhausted.

"Nahum's had a splendid chance to go into business," said Ruthy Ann, "if he'd only had five thousand dollars."

"Land! Most folks can go into business if they've got five thousand dollars," said Mrs. Griffin, shortly.

"But this was an uncommon chance. It was Searle Brothers, over to Lewiston, and they're doing splendidly, though they've only been in business a little while. It shows that folks have confidence in Nahum, and think he's of some account. You ought to see the letter that Searle Brothers wrote him about it."

"Soft words butters no parsnips. I expect they was in need of the five thousand dollars."

"They wouldn't have to go a-begging for it for such a business. Nahum came just as near getting it! There was a man—I can't tell who it was, because it's a secret—who was going to lend it to him; but he lost some money, or didn't get some that he expected to, and so Nahum was disappointed."

"Humph! Folks are apt to be disappointed about gettin' other folks's money," said Mrs. Griffin, shortly. But she showed the triumph of maternal feelings soon after by saying, tentatively, "I don't s'pose Uncle Freedom would let him have it."

"Uncle Freedom! Good gracious, mother! what *are* you thinking of? He wouldn't sleep nights if he knew that anybody had ever thought of such a thing. If he wanted to, Welcome wouldn't let him. Mother, don't you *hint* at such a thing; he'd talk it over with the whole town, and that's all the good it would do, and Nahum would be so mortified!"

"He *is* a great hand to talk things over, ain't he?" said Mrs. Griffin, with a flushed and anxious face. "I expect I'd better run down there and tell him to be cautious about telling of his fortin," she added, after a few moments' reflection. "Folks may try to get it away from him."

"I guess Uncle Freedom's sharp enough; you needn't worry. Wait till after dinner, anyway, for you do look all used up. A cup of tea always sets you right."

Mrs. Griffin remembered that a cup of tea had sometimes caused matters to take on quite a different aspect, and decided to wait. After she had drunk it she felt quite convinced that Uncle Freedom was too cautious to say much about his legacy. She thought, however, that she would drop in and speak to him about it on her way to prayer-meeting, or perhaps she might have an opportunity on the way home, since Uncle Freedom was as sure to be there as the minister. It turned out, however, that Mrs. Skinner went and came with her, so there was no opportunity. She felt considerably worried, because when, in the long prayer which he always made, Uncle Freedom prayed with great fervor that "riches might not prove a snare to none of us," there were meaning smiles exchanged among the congregation.

She passed a sleepless night, and early the next morning, although it was raining heavily, she took her way to Uncle Freedom's house, a trim little dwelling, painted one of nature's most successful grays, and guarded by a sentinel poplar which towered so high above it as to make it look like a toy-house, and a company of hollyhocks, in military red, almost as tall as the front door. A hop-vine, encouraged by thrifty Uncle Freedom rather for its use than its beauty, made a bower of the little back porch, and in its shelter an ancient tabby drowsed with one eye vigilant for sparrows.

"I declare I'm glad you've come, Rumy," said the master of the house, who was ironing some peculiarly constructed garments by means of a very inadequate fire. "I'm terrible upset, and I can't seem to get over it nohow. Consid'able many's been in to see me, and they don't seem to think of nothin' but warnin' me. Lyman Follansbee he come home from prayer-meetin' with me last night, and sot and talked till after midnight. He thinks I hadn't ought to go nigh Welcome's folks at all, for fear they'll get an inflooence over me, and get my proputty away from me. I declare I shall miss my fall visit to Welcome's. I've got conferdunce in him, but his wife's she that was Henrietty Greer; and now I come to think of it, Greers alwus had the name of bein' graspin'. Mebbe I hadn't better go. Then there's two come to warn me agin Lyman Follansbee, because he's alwus pertended to think consid'able of me. Then old Mis' Jemimy Pease she walked clear 'n' over from the corner to tell me what a sight of cases she'd heard where old men livin' alone had been murdered for their money. I declare I didn't sleep a mite, and it's twenty year since I lost a night's sleep before."

"You ought not to have talked about the money to anybody; I am surprised at you," said

Mrs. Griffin, severely. "You didn't— Did you show the letter to Lyman Follansbee?" Her voice trembled so that even Uncle Freedom, absorbed in his own trials, observed it with vague wonder.

"No, I didn't; what would have been the use of that? Besides, I thought it was kind of reflectin' on me for Josiah to keep talkin' about trustin' me to make a good use of the money. I hove the letter into the fire."

Mrs. Griffin drew a long breath. Her manner suddenly became brisk and cheerful. "I wouldn't listen to folks's advisin' if I was you. It'll always make you feel as if you didn't know whether you was horseback or afoot. Here, let me have the iron; you're all beat out. You'd ought to get somebody right away to do your work—a good smart woman, or mebbe a man and wife; and he could take care of your garden—"

"There, there, Rumy! my head's a-whirlin' agin. Seems as ef I *should* die. That's what they've all of 'em said, and that's the very wust of it. I couldn't stand it, Rumy; I couldn't stand it nohow! I'm so used to doin' things jest as I want 'em done, and findin' things jest where I put 'em. I liked to 'a went crazy the time I sprained my ankle, and had to have C'listy Bemus here for a fortni't. 'Twas ten year ago, and I hain't got over it yet. She hung the dipper in the place where the fryin'-pan belonged, and she made a pocket, as she called it, for my shoes, that alwus set behind the stove; she cleared up the closet so's't I didn't know where I was when I come to go in there—there was a package of ginger that I hain't never found to this day—and she drove my cat off with the broom so's't she never come back for a month! And 'tain't no use; I can't relish anything but my own cookin', bein' used to it so long. And now my eyesight has failed so's't I can't read, I should miss my house-work dretfully. I can do that jest as well as ever I could, and my plain sewin'; and when it comes to readin' a little, or a mite of fine darnin' where it's a-goin' to show, I know you and Ruthy Ann don't begrudge it to me."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Mrs. Griffin, hastily. "Ruthy Ann she thinks a sight of you."

Uncle Freedom looked at her keenly with his slightly closed and half-blind eyes. Mrs. Griffin was quick to read the meaning of the look.

"Lyman Follansbee has been warning him against us!" she said to herself, and a deep flush mounted to her face. "Of course we shall be glad to do for you what we can, same as alwus," she said, turning to go—Uncle Freedom had declined to relinquish his flat-iron—"but I expect folks will talk, and say you're miserly if you don't have somebody to do for you, seein' you're so well able."

"It wouldn't be a mite of use to ask him to lend the money to Nahum, now Lyman Follansbee has p'isoned him against us, even if it ever would 'a been," she soliloquized on her homeward way. "But I'd ought to feel thankful that that letter's burned. I do feel a sight easier in my mind. Last night, when the minister was talkin' about the way of the transgressor bein' hard, says I to myself, 'Half a dozen folks has read that letter by this time, and it's all over town that I left out some of it!' But seein' he was moved to burn it right up, mebbe 'twa'n't very bad transgressin'. He needs it a sight more'n Pritchards, though it does seem as if Ruthy Ann was right, and it wa'n't goin' to be no blessin' to him. That sneakin' Lyman Follansbee! I expect that shakin' palsy that keeps his head a-goin' is a judgmunt on him."

If she did "feel a sight easier in her mind," Mrs. Griffin was, nevertheless, a most unhappy woman.

"Seems as if I hadn't felt that hill to be such a terrible drag before sence 'Lias's last sickness," she said to herself as she entered her own door. "Layin' awake nights and broodin' and broodin' is what I never could stand. Seems as if I ought to feel all right, now that it never will be known what I done; and I didn't do nothin' either; but there! I don't expect a murderer could feel much worse. I feel as if Josiah Merritt was a-hauntin' me. I couldn't skurce remember how he looked, but his face come back to me in the night jest as plain as day. I couldn't enjoy my meetin' the least mite last night, and when they sung 'Come, fearful souls, with guilt oppress,' I felt as if they was all p'intin' at me. Land! I don't know how I could have felt as if I had any trouble when my conscience wa'n't a-gnawin' me, and I could hold up my head amongst folks."

"Mother, I believe we made a mistake in not making any root-beer this spring," said Ruthy Ann. "You do look real feeble, and it seems as if you were feeling the want of it."

"Root-beer! I expect it'll take a sight more that to cure me!" said Mrs. Griffin to herself, with a bitter groan, after Ruthy Ann had left her alone.

She lost her appetite, and Mrs. Skinner's prescription of yellow-dock and tag-alder failed to restore it, and she also lost her habit of "running in" among the neighbors to talk over the news.

"Mrs. Pritchard came out to the gate to speak to me this morning as I was going by," said Ruthy Ann, a little more than a week after the reading of Uncle Freedom's letter. "She asked me about Nahum's prospects, and was real kind."

"I expect she enjoys bein' condescendin' about him, seein' Mary Ellen is goin' to do so much better."

"I don't know what you mean by doing better," said Ruth Ann with a quick little flush. "Nahum hasn't happened to have money left him, but he is better-looking than Frank Richards, enough sight, and smarter too, if he only had a chance to show it. But Mrs. Pritchard didn't seem condescending at all; she seemed real interested. And she told me what a hard time Mr. Pritchard and she had had when they were young and poor, so they always sympathized with young folks that had to struggle. And she said you and she used to be great friends when you were girls, and she felt sorry that you never came to see her. She said she didn't like to have the friendship die out, but you hadn't seemed to want to have anything to say to her. I know she really felt bad, because there were tears in her eyes. They're the nicest folks that ever were." Ruthy Ann spoke with decision. "Mary Ellen never was the girl to act to me the least mite as if she was better off than I was, and when other girls did—and some of 'em haven't been slow to —she always took pains to do something kind to keep me from feeling it. And yet you never liked them. And I don't see why."

Ruthy Ann seldom expressed herself so freely. She was "close-mouthed, like her father," her mother said. She seemed somewhat surprised at herself now, and looked expectantly at her mother, awaiting that "flow of language" for which Mrs. Griffin was noted, and which was apt to show its fullest capacity whenever the Pritchards were mentioned.

But Mrs. Griffin seemed struggling with a lump in her throat. Ruthy Ann felt inclined to pinch herself to be sure that she was awake and not dreaming, when her mother said, falteringly, "I expect I have been wrong about 'em, Ruthy Ann, bein' envious."

Then she went hastily into her bedroom and shut the door, leaving Ruthy Ann vaguely wondering whether the Millennium had come, or her mother was afflicted with softening of the brain.

"I don't know as I should ever have seen how mean and wicked and envious I've been towards Sereny Pritchard if I hadn't fell into this sin 'long of Uncle Freedom's letter. The Lord only knows whether it ain't too late to set that right; the letter bein' burned, mebbe I can't make Uncle Freedom understand or believe how it was, or feel willin' to give up the money; but it ain't too late to try." She reappeared with her hat on, while Ruthy Ann still sat possessed by her wonder. "I'm goin' down along to Uncle Freedom's," she said, so much in her usual manner that Ruthy Ann felt obliged to dismiss both her theories as untenable, and feared that she should find her mother by to-morrow of her old opinions about the Pritchards.

Uncle Freedom's house was deserted save for the ancient tabby—the very same which had barely survived C'listy Bemus's broom—but Mrs. Griffin found its master on his knees behind a row of tall corn-stalks in his garden. He was praying aloud, with great fervor, but he brought his petition to a close and arose to his feet at the sound of her footsteps.

"I'm so worked up, Rumy, that I can neither set nor lay. I couldn't seem to get no freedom in prayer in the house, so I come out here. Folks is advisin' me this way 'n' that, and warnin' me agin one t'other, till I'm nigh about drove crazy. Welcome he sent me over a lot of his early sweetin's and a pair of shirts that Henrietty made for me. I used to think a sight of havin' a box come from Welcome's folks, but now I can't take a mite of comfort in it for thinkin' mebbe they're a-plannin' to git my money. And I've ben lottin' on makin' my visit there, and now folks advises me not to go. I've put it into the bank, and I declare, Rumy, I'm so afraid the bank 'll fail that I can't sleep nights. Seems as if banks had begun to fail 'n' git robbed all over the country sence I put that money into the bank. And there was three terrible suspicious-lookin' tramps come along yisterday and sot on the wall and looked at the house; and folks say I'd better git a big dog and a pistol, though I couldn't sleep nights with ery one in the house. And I hain't got money in the house neither, no more'n I ever had. And folks has come with subscription papers from clear 'n' over to Weston to put up a statoo to them that fit in the war from there, and from Carmel, to git up a course of lectures; and from C'rinna, to git new water-works—as if I had millions to squander! Yisterday I made up my mind that I couldn't stand it no longer, and I sent for the minister 'n' told him I wanted to give every mite of it to furrin missions. And if he didn't advise me not to! Seems a queer stand for a minister of the gospil to take; but he said, bein' I was strong and hearty, and might live to be very old, I'd better keep it and live on the int'rest of it, and make my will givin' it to furrin missions when I died. Said he shouldn't feel jestified in advisin' me otherwise, because I might come to the poor-house. I never heard no talk about my comin' to the poor-house before I had that money, and never was a mite afeard of it."

"It ain't your money anyhow, Uncle Freedom; only half of it. I'm a-tellin' you the truth, as I'm a livin' woman, if I be the wickedest in this town. Come into the house and I'll tell you all about it, for I feel as if the knots in the fence was ears, and them bees a-buzzin' was the gossip that 'll be goin' about me soon all over town."

An hour afterward Mrs. Griffin was on her homeward way, a chastened but peaceful-looking woman, with the words of Uncle Freedom, as he parted from her at the road which led to Seth Pritchard's still sounding in her ears: "You've took a terrible load off'n me, Rumy! I never expected to feel so light agin. The Lord He'll give me strength to bear half of it. Mebbe it 'll even be a blessin', as I thought money was when it first come. Folks won't expect me to live squanderin' like rich folks. And, Rumy, don't you ever feel as if there was any need of folks's knowin', because there ain't a mite; it 'll all be laid to my bein' hard of hearin'."

Ruthy Ann took her mother into her confidence a little that night. She did not wish her to lose that softened feeling toward the Pritchards.

"You know I told you there was a man willing to lend Nahum five thousand dollars, mother. Nahum wouldn't mind my telling who it was, since it didn't come to anything. It was Mr. Pritchard. He hadn't any that he could spare from his business, but a man who had cheated him out of five thousand dollars had promised to leave it to him in his will, and he had heard of his death. It seems he'd got to be a deacon, or something, and was very sensitive about his reputation, so he wouldn't make any restitution before he died, for fear folks would know that he acknowledged to cheating. And, come to find out, he hadn't done it in his will, though Mr. Pritchard felt sure he would. So Nahum's chance was spoiled, but 'twas just as good of Mr. Pritchard."

"Oh, Lord! You don't expect it's too late for Nahum, do you?" gasped Mrs. Griffin; "because Pritchard's got the money now. Oh, Lord! what if I hadn't 'a made it right?"

A MONUMENT TO AUDUBON.

A project conceived by the New York Academy of Sciences, and actively carried out by the Linnæan Society of the same city, is the erection of a monument to the memory of John James Audubon, the first of our American ornithologists. The Linnæan Society entertains little doubt of its ability to raise the funds needed to place a fitting memento over the grave of the hunter-naturalist.

Audubon, born in Louisiana in 1780, showed early in life his artistic tendency, but with this was joined the keenest love for God's creatures. He seemed to delight more particularly in the study of birds. He sketched their forms, and with colors imitated the plumage of the birds found in Louisiana. Audubon's father, who had been an officer in the French service, sent his son to France, where the lad became a pupil of David, the classical painter of the First Empire. It is not probable that the study of the Greek or Roman heroes of the past was of much benefit to young Audubon. To him a woodpecker with its crimson crest, or the scarlet oriole, had greater charms. To have the dual powers of close scientific observation and of artistic skill is rare. When combined, admirable are the results. Returning to the United States when Audubon was seventeen, though for a time occupied in business, his ornithological researches never ceased. From Pennsylvania he went to Kentucky. Audubon's acquaintance with Wilson, the Scotch ornithologist, fixed forever that line of research, to which he devoted his life. With gun on his shoulder, and sketching material in his hunting bag, Audubon threaded the woods, the marshes. He skirted the Florida coasts, penetrated the swamps there, ever finding new subjects for study and delineation. In 1824 he came to New York to arrange for the publication of a work which would perpetuate the results of his labors. In 1826 he was in England, and in 1828 his *Birds of America* was completed. Audubon's *Ornithological Biographies* are of a year later. In 1833, he returned to New York, taking up his residence on the Hudson. In 1844 the *Birds of America*, the latest edition very much amplified, was concluded. He died in 1851, before the completion of his *Quadrupeds of America*, a work projected some years before.

Audubon's method of imparting information was peculiar to himself. The artistic tendency was not limited to his brush and pencil, but found expression in his words. If readers saw the birds by means of his pictures, their descriptions, as he wrote them, gave life to the portraiture. Audubon was the Gilbert White of ornithologists.

The monument to be erected is a marble cross of old form, and for decoration those interlacings found in Runic art. Worked into these loopings are the birds and animals that formed the life study of the naturalist. On the base of the cross there will be carved in relief a head of Audubon. To aid in the erection of this tribute to the genius and worth of Audubon the committee of the Linnæan Society of New York, Messrs. L. S. Foster, C. S. Allen, M.D., and Jonathan Dwight, Jun., solicit subscriptions.

FORTRESS MONROE.

There are hosts of our people who migrate like the birds, and spend the dead of winter in Florida or along the westward shores of the Mexican Gulf. Summer finds them up in the Adirondacks or Catskills, on the sands of Nantucket or the coves of Mount Desert; but there are two months of our changeful year when these hosts seem to assemble just half-way between, and nowhere in our wide domain can blustering March or lowering April be found so enjoyable as at Old Point Comfort, Virginia. Here the dancing waters of the Chesapeake lap the sandy shore, and send soft, salt-laden breezes over the lowlands. A wonderful soporific is that sea-breeze, and people whose nerves are elsewhere on perennial "strike" sleep like Sancho Panza at the mammoth caravansary that has grown, wing by wing, north of the threatening bastions of Fortress Monroe. Every room in this big wooden labyrinth has its drowsing occupant, and, sleeping or waking, there are more beauties in the corridors of the Hygeia or along the shaded walks within the fort than one can meet in a decade of travel.

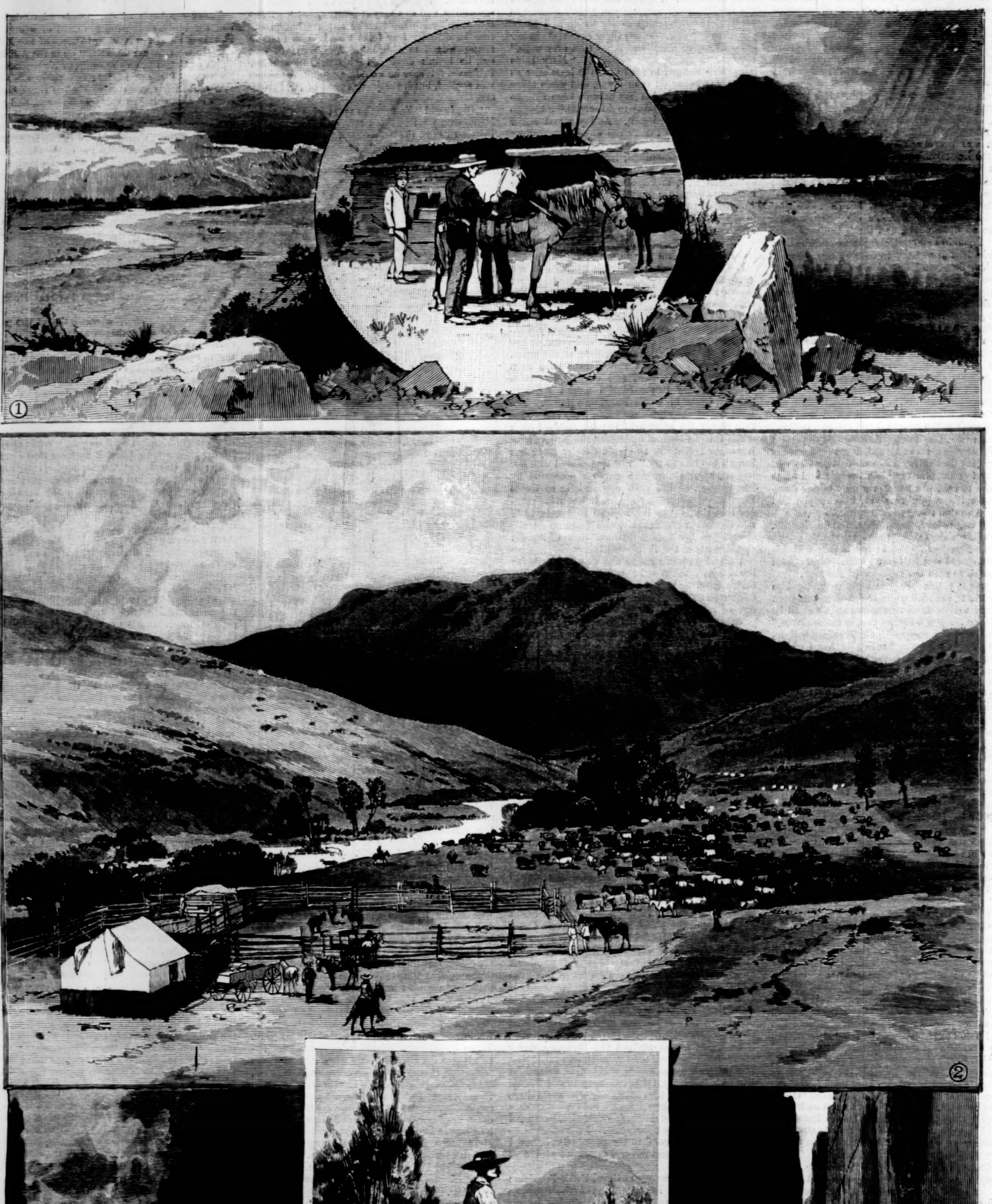
Perhaps this is what makes Fortress Monroe the paradise of our artillerists. Here is the "School of Application," at which the officers pursue a course of study that lasts two years, and is devised to develop their efficiency as handlers of the heavier engines of war. The biggest guns that America boasts of are to be found along the ramparts, and this is the biggest fort we own. It is hardly gratifying to national pride to reflect that the most powerful weapon in those walls would be a mere pop-gun as compared with the modern cannon of Europe, and that one or two of those guns behind their iron walls could speedily knock our once boasted fortress into a dust heap; but this is not the fault of our officers. They can tell you just how the emergency should be met, and what armament we need; but Uncle Sam, like the Arkansas farmer, doesn't care to patch his roof when it isn't raining, and he will spend no money for guns until there comes a war. As it takes a year or so to build these modern guns, the question often arises, "What are we to do meantime?"

However much the artillerists may deplore the inferiority of our armament, they do not neglect constant practice with what is accorded them by the government, and day after day they may be seen faithfully laboring to make the best of their obsolete old smooth-bores or patched-up rifles—all clumsy muzzle-loaders; and it is touching to mark the interest displayed by the women of America in the struggles of their defenders. Perhaps the proximity of Fortress Monroe has not a little to do with the popularity of Old Point Comfort as a health resort. Day after day, in their dainty dresses, swarms of charming girls invade the fort, supervise the "mechanical manœuvres," criticise the battery drills, demoralize the "star gaugers" (a detachment of student-officers who are almost daily at work inspecting the bores of their barbette guns, and making impressions of familiar old cracks and flaws that every class has stumbled over for years past), and only appearing conquered by circumstances when they suddenly find themselves in attendance at target practice and compelled to stand the roar and concussion of the big black boomers.

Even around the hotel the military air pervades. The Artillery Band comes in every day and plays in the *salon* adjoining the great glass dining-room, and officers off duty dine with their friends, and point out the historic spots in the neighborhood. From the dining-hall itself, or the esplanade outside, one can see the low sand-hills of Sewell's Point, where the Southern guns were thundering a quarter-century ago, and the distant reach to Norfolk, whence issued that dread monster the *Merrimac*. Off to the right, close under the sandy shore of Newport News, is where the *Congress* and the *Cumberland* went down before her iron blows, their flags at the peak to the end. And right out there in the open roadstead, now alive with beautiful yachts or the boats of our men-o'-war's men, is where the gallant little *Monitor*, like a modern marine David, defied and defeated the Goliath of the Confederacy.

All that is buried in the past. Belles from Richmond flirt to-day with beaux in army blue, and capture prisoners who might be proof against battle tactics. The Blue and the Gray are never far apart these soft spring afternoons, and when sunset nears, and the bugles blare the signal for parade, hundreds of gayly dressed visitors stream across the moat and through the resounding postern and out over the green carpet of the parade, where they make a picturesque group under the grove of oak-trees; and then the band strikes up, and the troops march out and form line of battle, and there is a brief quarter-hour of music and martial pomp, and then the officers march up to the front, briefly salute their commander, and are swallowed up in the throng of civilians; and then twilight comes, and an adjournment to the hotel, and an evening devoted to more music and dancing, and the artillery uniforms are evidently as much at home in the *salon* as on the ramparts.

A particularly lively time for a young civilian to visit Old Point Comfort in hopes of pressing his suit with some one of the fair guests of the Hygeia is when two or three of our ships of war have cast anchor just off the pier. Then the parlors are alive with the trim uniforms of the two services—sea and shore—and for some utterly incomprehensible reason the girls prefer to be surrounded by the wearers thereof, and though the civilian wooer may be of the *jeunesse dorée* of his municipality, and his bank account a thing of fabulous repute, his gold is of little account for the time being against the gold-lace of the "army and navy forever." Needless to say, however, that the glamour is but temporary. The sailor is sent to China, the soldier to Cape Disappointment, and Midas secures the prize.



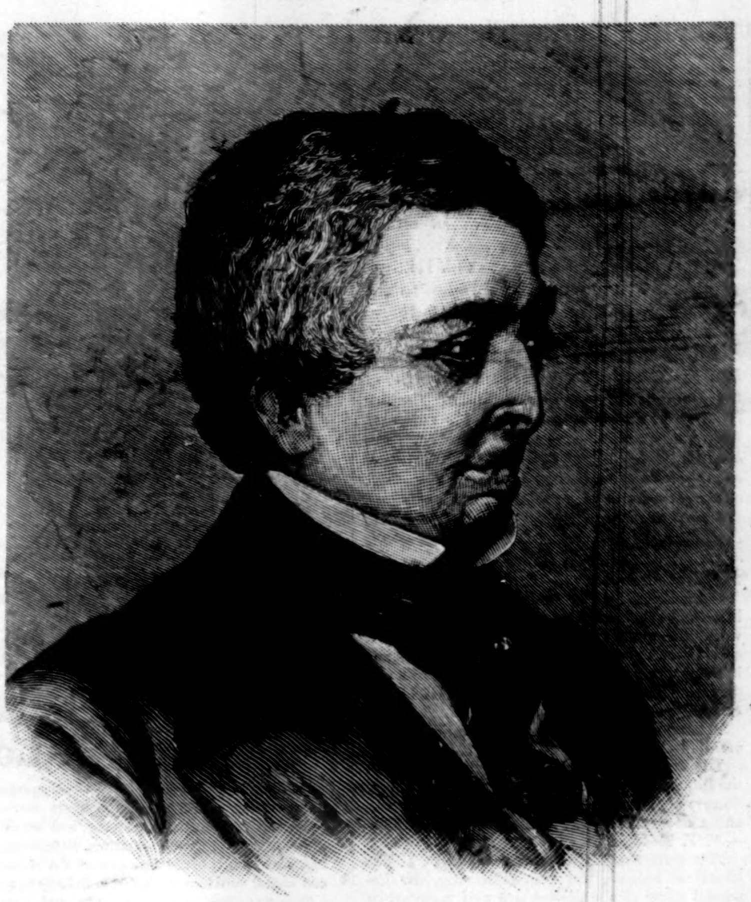
CIMARRON, COLORADO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 267.]

1. A Typical Bit of Grazing Country. 2. A Ranch in Cimarron. 3. "The Needle," on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. 4. A Cimarron Cow-boy. 5. Through Royal Gorge.

BENJAMIN HARRIS BREWSTER.

The death of Benjamin Harris Brewster, at his own home in Philadelphia, on Wednesday last, creates another vacancy in the rapidly thinning ranks of those men whom, for the last twenty years at least, we have been in the habit of regarding as eminent members of the national Republican party. Mr. Brewster was greater as a jurist than as a statesman, in the strict sense of the words; and his name will live in history chiefly as the Attorney-General of the United States during President Arthur's administration. But he had made his mark long before that period; and in the State of Pennsylvania, with which, from an early age, he had identified himself, he had been for years prominently before the public.

Son of Francis E. Brewster, a lawyer of some note, he was born in Salem County, New Jersey, October 13, 1816. On his father's side he inherited the blood of some of the earliest Massachusetts settlers, qualified by that of some of the oldest and wealthiest families of New Jersey; and his mother was a Hampton, a lateral descendant of the old Southern family of that name. He was educated at Princeton, where he graduated with honors in 1834. He afterward studied law in the office of Eli K. Price, of Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar in 1838. He had a strong literary bias, and in those early years, and even later, he found time, in spite of the pressure of a rapidly growing business, to write reviews of the works of Milton, Charles Lamb, Sergeant Talfourd, and others. In his busiest times he remained an omnivorous reader, and was well posted in ecclesiastical history, on which, in later life, he sometimes lectured with marked success. He was already a man of some note when, in 1846, he was sent by President Polk to adjudicate the claims of the Cherokees upon the United States. He was one of the men who correctly read the signs of the times before the outbreak of the civil war, and he gave himself heart and soul to the cause of which Abraham Lincoln was the living embodiment. From 1867 to 1869 he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, and he did good service by breaking up the "Gettysburg Lottery" scheme, and by making an end of the obnoxious practice of remitting sentences, then shamefully prevalent in the criminal courts of Philadelphia.



THE LATE BENJAMIN H. BREWSTER, EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

Although not an office-seeker, Mr. Brewster's name was frequently mentioned both in connection with the United States Senate and with the bench of the Supreme Court. On the retirement of Mr. Wayne MacVeagh from the office of Attorney-General, President Arthur, to the entire satisfaction of all lovers of justice and fair dealing, appointed Mr. Brewster to the vacant place. He gave himself immediately to the Star Route prosecutions; and although the outcome was a practical failure of justice, the Attorney-General, by common consent, did his duty in the matter. Mr. Brewster was twice married. His first wife was Miss Myarback, of Reinfeldts. She died in 1868. His second wife, to whom he was married in 1870, was a daughter of the late Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, and during the Arthur administration she was a conspicuous and honored figure in Washington society. Recognized as a leader, she was admired for her personal beauty, for her elegant and generous hospitality, and for her many noble womanly qualities. Mrs. Brewster died in 1886, leaving a boy, now a youth of sixteen, who bears his father's name. Her death was a severe blow to her husband. At the time of his death Mr. Brewster, who was seventy-one years of age, was still following his profession, the famous Kidd case largely occupying his time and attention. His estate, it is understood, is large, and has been left to his son.

A HOTEL ON WHEELS.

Coney Island has had its crowds of visitors this year much earlier than usual. The attraction has been the moving of Brighton Beach Hotel in its entirety back from its rickety resting-place on the restless waves, some hundreds of feet, to solid foundations more to the north. This hotel has been one of the principal features of Coney Island during these later years of its world-wide renown. A mammoth structure at the outset, costing some $260,000, it was, during Mr. Breslin's five years of management, largely increased by the addition of the east wing. Towered and turreted, with graceful projections both in front and rear, and in length measuring some 400 feet, with an average depth of about 200 feet, its appearance was at once elegant and commanding. The beauty of the structure was enhanced by a fine frontage, extending some 400 feet toward the sea, and laid out and adorned with all the skill and all the resources at the command of the landscape gardener. For years past the encroachments of the ocean have been making sad havoc with the walks, the lawns, and the flower spaces in front; and latterly, especially during the last two years, the ocean has been dashing wildly under the hotel itself, a large part of which perilously rested upon piles.

In the belief, at least in the hope, that the ocean encroachments at that point had reached their limit, the idea of moving the hotel bodily back in the direction of Sheepshead Bay began to be favorably entertained by the manager and directors of the Brighton Beach Company. The job was contracted for by B. C. Miller & Son, and as far back as October of last year Civil Engineer Farquhar was at work laying out the sites of twenty-four parallel railroad tracks, twenty feet apart. During the winter, gangs of men were busy laying these tracks, elevating the hotel, fitting in on the tracks 120 new iron flat cars, each having a carrying capacity of 60,000 pounds, and latterly lowering the hotel, throughout its entire length and breadth, on to the cars.

The tracks were laid so many feet in the direction in which the hotel was to be moved, provision being made for extending the lines to the requisite distance, as the rails were gradually uncovered in the rear. The next thing to be provided for was the application of force to accomplish the required movement. The weight of the hotel has been variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 pounds. This, of course, necessitated great care, and also much nicety of calculation as to the resisting power of the track, and of the bed on which it lay. It was a necessity that this resisting power be the same in every track. To move so large a mass with anything like safety, especially considering its great length, it was an absolute necessity that the motive power be applied equally at all the points of contact with the hotel. This necessity was met by a most elaborate system of blocks and hawsers and chains and stays—the blocks, sixty in number, weighing from 130 to 350 pounds, the largest containing three loops of Manila rope specially made for the

MOVING THE BRIGHTON BEACH HOTEL.—From a Sketch by F. V. Du Mond.

occasion, and weighing some three tons, being attached to the cars in one direction, and to the great 14-inch beams or stays in another direction, by powerful chains. From these stays, which were planted about 100 feet behind the hotel, the ropes passed to the engines. The actual force was to be supplied by two rows of engines on two separate tracks, three in a row, tandem style, each engine representing a carrying capacity of 700 tons.

On Monday last the ropes were tested, and on Tuesday the work of moving the hotel was fairly begun. As early as 8.45 o'clock, few spectators being yet present, the signal was given, and the six engines, with full head of steam on, began to move. The cables, stretching out fan-like from the engines to all parts of the hotel, quickly tightened; the engines for an instant seemed unequal to the task; but it was only for an instant, as the mammoth structure was already in motion. The engines were almost immediately stopped, when it was found that the hotel had been moved some six or seven feet. It was a brief experiment, but it was a successful one, and the result was hailed with joyous approval. Careful examination showed that everything had worked well, and that the huge structure in its brief but unparalleled journey had sustained no injury. A later attempt moved the hotel some 24 feet. A third advance was made toward noon, and 25 feet were accomplished. At about three o'clock, when vast multitudes of people had assembled from Brooklyn and New York, the supreme effort of the day was made. The excitement was tremendous as the vast structure was seen to move on and on. It was a sight which had never been seen before; and when the engines were brought to a stand-still it was found that the hotel had been moved 61½ feet further. At this stage some 117 feet had been traversed. The work was resumed on Wednesday, and was carried on with equal success, the movement being more rapid, even with the use of less power. In four separate movements, the last three being made by the aid of only four locomotives, the advance made was 124 feet. Some 375 feet have yet to be traversed; and then Brighton Beach, having resumed much of its former appearance, with its 595 feet of lawn, and lanes, and flowers, will, for a time at least, be able to laugh at and bid defiance to the merciless sea.

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[*Adv.*]

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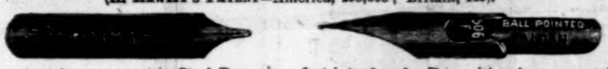

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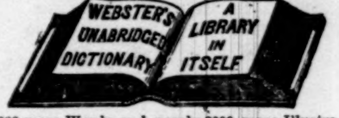

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